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AND

VIRGINIA.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHN WEBSTER.

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APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Minutius, Oppius, and Lictor.

Minut. IS *Appius* sent for, that we may acquaint him with the decree o'th' Senate?

Lictor He is, my Lord, and will attend your Lordships presently.

Opp. Lictor, did you tell him that our businesse was from the Senate?

Lict. I did, my Lord, and here he is at hand.

Enter Appius, but two Lictors and McClaudius.

Appius My Lords, your pleasure?

Minut. Appius, the Senate greet you well, and by us do signifie unto you that they have chosen you one of the Decemvirs.

App. My Lords, far be it from the thoughts of so poor a Plebeian, as your unworthy servant *Appius*, to soar so high, in the dignity of so eminent a place would require a person of the best parts and blood in Rome. My Lords, he that must fleet at the head of an Empire, ought to be the Mirrour of the time for Wisdome and for Policie and therefore I would beseech the Senate to elect one worthy of the place, and not so think of one so unfit as *Appius*.

Minutius

Minn. My Lord, my Lord! you daily with your wits.
I have seen children oft eat sweet meats thus,
as fearfull to devoure them:
you are wise, and play the modest Courtier right,
to make so many lies of your delight.
Oppius. But you must know, what we have once concluded
cannot for any private mans affection
be slighted: take your choice then with best judgement
of these two proffers, either to accept
the place propos'd you, or be banished Rome
immediately: *Lictors* make way: we expect
your speedy resolution. *Exeunt Oppius, Minutius.*
1. *Cozen.* Noble cozen,
you wrong your selfe extremely to refuse
so Eminent a place.
2. *Cozen.* It is a meanes
to raise your kindred. Who shall dare t'oppose
himselfe against our Family, when yonder
shall sit your power, and frowne?
Appius. Or banisht Rome!
I pray forbear a little. *Marcus.*
Marcus. Cl. Sir.
Appius. How dost thou like my cunning?
Marcus. Cl. I protest
I was be-agued, fearing lest the Senate
should have accepted at your fain'd refusall.
See how your kindred and your friends are mustar'd
to warme them at your sun-shine. Were you now
in prison, or arraign'd before the Senate
for some suspect of treason, all these swallowes
would flie your stormy winter, not one sing:
their Musick is the Summer and the Spring.
Appius. Thou observest shrewdly: well, fie sit them for't.
I must be one of the *Decemvirs*,
or banish't Rome. Banish't laugh, my trusty *Marcus*,
I am inforc't to my ambition.
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worne
shooes made of lead some ten dayes fore a race
to give them nimble and more active feet:
so great men should, that aspire eminent place,
load themselves with excuse and faint denyell,
that they with more speed may performe the trial?
Marke his humility saies one; how far
his dreames are from ambition, saies another:

he would not shew his Eloquence [illegible]
should draw him into office: and
is meditating on some thrifty time
to beg 'fore dinner. Had I as many hands
as had *Briarius*, I'de extend them all
to catch this office; 'twas my sleeps disturber,
my dyets ill digestion, my melancholy
past physicks cure.

Marcus. The Senators returne.

Minu. My Lord, your answer.

Appius. To obey my Lord, and to know how to rule
doe differ much: to obey by nature comes,
but to command by long experience.
Never were great men in so eminent place
without their shadowes. Envy will attend
on greatnesse till this generall frame takes end.
'Twixt these extreames of state and banishment,
my minde hath held long conflict, and at last
I thus returne my answer, noble friends,
we now must part, necessity of State
compells it so.
I must inhabit, now a place unknowne,
you see't compels me leave you. Fare you well.

1. *Cozen.* To banishment, my Lord?

Appius. I am given up
to a long travell full of fear and danger,
to waste the day in sweat, and the cold night
in a most desolate contemplation,
banisht from all my kindred and my friends,
yea banisht from my selfe; for I accept
this honourable calling.

Minu. Worthy *Appius*,
the gods conduct you hither: *Lictori*, His robes.

2. *Cozen.* We are made for ever, noble kinsman,
'twas but to fright us.

Appius. But my loving kinsmen,
mistake me not, for what I spake was true,
bear witnesse all the gods: I told you first,
I was to inhabit in a place unknown,
'tis very certaine, for this reverend seat
receives me as a cypher, neither gives
ornament to the person, then our people
the least of grace to it. I shewed you true,
I am to travell; 'tis a certaine truth:

Look by how much the labour of the minde
exceeds the bodies, so far am I beyond
with paine and industry, beyond the toyle
of those that sweat in warre, beyond the toyle
of any Artisan, pale cheeks, and sunk eyes,
a head with watching dizied, and a haire
turn'd white in youth, all these at a deare rate,
we purchase speedily that tend a State.
I told you I must leave you, 'tis most true.
Henceforth the face of a Barbarian
and yours shall be all one, henceforth he know you
but only by your vertue: brother, or father
in dishoneſt suite shall be to me
as is the branded slave. Justice should have
no kindred, friends, nor foes, nor hate, nor love,
as free from passion as the gods above.
I was your friend and kinsman, now your Judge,
and whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather
shall as soone turne them as a masse of Pearle
or Diamonds.

Marcus. Excellent, excellent Lapwing,
there's other stuffe closed in that subtle breſt
He sings and beats his wings far from his nest.

Appius. So Gentlemen, I take it, here takes end
your businesse; my acquaintance, fare you well.

1. *Coxen.* Heres a quick change, who did expect this cloud?
Thus men when they grow great doe strait grow proud.

Appius. Now to our present businesse at the camp:
the army that doth winter 'fore *Agidon*,
is much distrest we heare: *Minutius*,
you with the levies and the little corne
this present dearth will yield, are speedily
to hasten thither, so to appeaſe the minde
of the intemperate souldier.

Minu: I am ready
the levies doe attend me, our Lieutenants
send on our Troopes.

Appius: Farewell *Minutius*,
the gods goe with you, and be still at hand,
to adde a triumph to your bold command. *Exeunt.*

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Virginia.

Numitor. Noble *Icilius* welcome, teach your selfe
a bolder freedome here, for by our love

your

your suite to my faire Neece doth parallell
her kindreds wishes. There's not in all Rome
a man that is by honour more approv'd
nor worthier, were you poore, to be belov'd.

Icilius. You give me (noble Lord) that character
which I cood never yet read in my selfe:
but from your censure shall I take much care
to adorne it with the faireſt ornaments
of unambitious vertue: here I hold
my honorable patterne, one whose minde
appeares more like a ceremonious chappell
full of sweet musick, then a throunging presence.
I am confirm'd, the court doth make some shew
fairer then else they would doe, but her port
being simple vertue, beautifies the court.

Virginia. It is a flattery (my Lord)
you breath upon me, and it shewes much like
the borrowed painting which some Ladies use,
it is not to continue many dayes;
my wedding garments will outweare this praise.

Numitor. Thus Ladies still foretell the funerall
of their Lords kindnesse.
But my Lord, what newes?

Enter a Servant whispers Icilius in the ear.

Icilius. *Virginius*, my Lord, your noble brother
disguis'd in dust and sweat, is new arriv'd
within the City: troopes of artisans
follow his panting horse, and with a strange
confused noyse, partly with joy to see him,
partly with fear for what his hast portends,
they shew as if a sudden mutiny
orespread the City.

Numitor. Cozen take your chamber.
What businesse from the camp?

Icilius. Sure Sir it beares
the forme of some great danger, for his horse
bloody with spurring, shewes as if he came
from forth a battel: never did you see
'mongst quailes or cocks in fight a bloodier Heele,
then that your brother strikes with. In this forme
of orespent horseman, having as it seemes,
with the distracting of his newes, forgot
house, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone
to th'Senate house.

Numitor. Now the gods bring us safety,

the

the face of this is cloudy, let us haste
to'th Senate house, and there enquire how neare
the body moves of this our threatned feat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Appius melancholy, after Clodius.

Cl: My Lord.

Appius. Thou troubleſt me.

Clodius. My hand's as ready arm'd to work your peace
as my tongue bold to inquire your diſcontents.
Good my Lord hear me.

Appius. I am at much variance
within my ſelfe, there's diſcord in my blood,
my powers are all in combat, I have nothing
left but ſedition in me.

Clodius. Truſt my boſom
to be the cloſet of your private griefs.
Beleeve me, I am uncrannied.

Appius. May I truſt thee?

M. Clodius. As the firme centre to induce the burden
of your light foot, as you would truſt the poles
to bear on them this airy cannopy,
and not to fear their ſhrinking. I am ſtrong,
fixt and unſhaking.

Appius. Art thou? Then thine ever: I love.

M. Cladius. Ha ha he.

Appius. Can this my ponderous ſecreſie
be in thine ear ſo light? ſeemes my diſturbance
worthy ſuch ſcorne that thou derideſt my griefs?
Beleeve me, *Clodius*, I am not a twig
that every guſt can ſhake, but 'tis a tempeſt
that muſt be able to uſe violence
on my grown branches. Wherefore laugh'ſt thou then?

M. Clodius. Not that y'are mov'd, it makes me ſmile in ſcorne
that wiſe men cannot underſtand themſelves,
nor know their own prov'd greatneſſe. *Cladius* laughes not
to think you love, but that you are ſo hopeleſſe
not to preſume to injoy whom you affect.
What's ſhe in Rome your greatneſſe cannot awe
or your rich purſe purchaſe? Promiſes and threats
are ſtatemens Lictors to arreſt ſuch pleaſures
as they would bring within their ſtrict commands;
why ſhould my Lord droop, or deject his eye?
can you command Rome, and not countermand
a womans weakneſſe? Let your Grace beſtow

your purſe and power on me. I'le proſtrate you.

Appius. Ask both and laviſh them to purchaſe me
the rich fee-ſimple of *Virginia's* heart.

M. Clodius. Virginia's!

Appius. Hers.

M. Clodius. I have already found
an eaſie path which you may ſafely tread,
yet no man trace you.

Appius. Thou art my comforter.

M. Clodius. Her father's buſied in our forreign wars,
and there hath chief imployment; all their pay
muſt your diſcretion ſcantle: keep it back,
reſtraine it in the common Treaſury.
Thus may a ſtates-man 'gainſt a ſouldier ſtand,
to keep his purſe weak, whil'ſt you arme his hand.
Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards
will tempt the maide the ſooner; nay haply draw
the father in to plead in your behalfe.
But ſhould theſe faile, then ſiege her Virgin Tower
with too prevailing engines, feare and power.

Appius. Go then and prove a ſpeeding advocate;
Arme thee with all our bounty, oratory,
variety of promiſe.

Enter Valerius.

Valerius. L. Appius, the *Decemvirate* intreat
your voice in this dayes Senate. Old *Virginius*
craves audience from the camp with earneſt ſuite
for quick diſpatch.

Appius. We will attend the Senate. *Clodius*, Be gone.

Enter Spurius, Opius, Valerius, Numitor, &c.

Opius. We ſent to you to aſſiſt us in this counſell
touching the expeditions of our war.

Appius. Ours is a willing preſence to the trouble
of all State cares. Admit him from the camp.

Enter Virginius.

Opius. Speak the camps will.

Virginius. The camp wants money, we have ſtore of knocks,
and wounds God plenty, but we have no pay,
this three moneths did we never houſe our heads,
but in yon great ſtar-chamber, never bedded
but in the cold field-beds, our victuals faile us,
yet meet with no ſupply; we're fairly promis'd,
but ſouldiers cannot feed on promiſes;
all our provant, appatell's torne to rags,

and

and our Munition fails us: Will you send us
to fight for *Rome* like beggars? Noble Gentlemen,
are you the high State of *Decemviri*,
that have those things in mannage? Pity us,
for we have need on't. Let not your delays
be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been heated
to gaine you fame and riches. Prove not to us
(being our friends) worse foes then we fight with:
Let's not be starv'd in kindnesse. Sleep you now
upon the bench, when your deaf ears should listen
unto the wretchlesse clamours of the poor?
Then would I had my Drums here, they might rattle,
and rowse you to attendance. Most grave Fathers,
shew your selves worthy stewards to our Mother
fair *Rome*, to whom we are no bastard sons,
though we be souldiers. She hath in her store
food to maintain life in the Camp, as wel
as surfet for the City. Do not save
the foe a labour; send us some supply,
lest ere they kill us, we by famine die.

App. Shall I (my Lords) give answer to this souldier?

Opins. Be you the Cities voyce.

App. Virginius, we would have you thus possess'd,
we sit not here to be prescib'd and taught,
nor to have any suter give us limit,
whose power admits no curb. Next know, *Virginius*,
the Camp's our servant, and must be dispos'd,
controul'd and us'd by us, that have the strength
to knit it or dissolve it. When we please
out of our Princely grace and clemency
to look upon your wants, it may be then
we shall redress them: But till then, it fits not
that any petty fellow wag'd by us
should have a tongue sound here before a Bench
of such grave Auditours. Further,—

Virg. Pray give me leave,
Not here? pray *Appius*, is not this the Judgment seat?
Where should a poor mans cause be heard but here?
To you the Statists of long flourishing Rome,
to you I call, If you have charity,
if you be humane, and not quite giv'n ore
to Furs and Metall, if you be Romans,
if you have any souldiers blood at all
flow in your veins, help with your able arms

to peop a fasting camp, an hungry,
of fair Rome's bone, cold, weak, hungry, and sickly,
would feed upon your sinews. Will you save them,
or shall they perish?

App. What we will, we will,
be that your answer; perhaps at further leasure
We'l help you, not your merit but our pleasure.

Virg. I will not curse thee, *Appius*, but I wish
thou wert i'th' camp amongst the Mutineers
to tell my answers, not to trouble me.
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?
Oh what are souldiers come too! Shall your camp
the strength of all your peace, and the iron wall
that rings this Pomp in from invasive steel
shall that decay? Then let the forrein fires
climb o're these buildings; let the sword and slaughter
chase the gown'd Senate through the streets of Rome,
up double dye their robes in Scarlet; let
the enemies stript arm have his crimson'd brawne
up to the elbowes in your traiterous bloud;
Let *Janus* Temple be devour'd, your Treasures
ript up to pay the common adventurers
with our due wages. Do you look for lesse?
the rottennesse of this misgovern'd State
must grow to some Disease, incurable
save with a sack or slaughter.

App. Y'are too bold.

Virg. Know you our extremities?

App. We do.

Virg. And will not help them?

App. Yes.

Virg. When?

App. Hereafter.

Virg. Hereafter? when so many gallant spirits
that yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,
are sunk in death? Hereafter? when disorder
hath swallowed all our Forces?

App. We'l hear no more.

Opius. Peace, fellow peace, know the Tribunes power
and their Authority; we shall commit you else.

Virg. Do so, and I shall thank you; be relieved
and have a strong house o'er me, west no Alarmes
given in the night by any quick perdue.
Your Guilty in the City feeds more dainty

then doth your Generall. 'Tis a better Office
to be an under Keeper then a Captain;
The gods of Rome amend it.

App. Break up the Senate.

Virg. And shall I have no answer?

App. So farewel.

Virg. What Slave would be a soldier to be censured
by such as ne'er saw danger? To have our pay
our worths and merits ballanc'd in the scale
of base moth-eaten peace. I have had wounds
would have made all this Bench blush and look pale
but to behold them search'd. They lay their heads
on their soft pillowes, pore upon their bags,
grow fat with lazines and rotty ease.
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster
they will not spare a *Drachma*. O my souldiers,
before you want, I'll sell my final pole from
even to my skin to help you, Plate and jewels
all shall be yours. Men that are men indeed,
the earth shal find, the Sun and air must feed.

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Virginius.

Numitor. Your daughter, noble brother, hearing late
of your arrvial from the Camp, most humbly
prostrates her filial Duty.

Virg. Daughter rise.
And brother I am only rich in her,
and in your love, link't with the honour'd friendship
of those fair Romane Lords. For you *Icilius*,
I hear I must adopt you with the title
of a new son; you are *Virginia's* chief,
and I am proud she hath built her fair election
Upon such store of vertues. May you grow,
although a Cities child, to know a souldier
and rate him to his merit.

Icil. Noble father,
(for henceforth I shal onely use that name)
Our meeting was to urge you to the processe
of our fair contract.

Virgin. Witnesse Gentlemen,
here I give up a fathers interest,
but not a fathers love, that I wil ever
wear next my heart, for it was born with her
and growes still with my age.

Numitor. Icilius,
receive her; witneſſe noble Gentlemen.

Valer. With all my heart. I would *Icilius* could do as much for me; but Rome affords not ſuch another *Virginia.*

Virgin. I am my fathers daughter, and by him
I muſt be ſwaid in all things.

Num. Brother, this happy Contract asks a Feaſt,
as a thing due to ſuch ſolemnities.
It ſhall be at my houſe, where we this night
will ſport away ſome hours.

Virg. I muſt to horſe.

Numitor. What, ride to night?

Virg. Muſt ſee the Camp to night.
'Tis full of trouble and diſtracted fears,
and may grow mutinous. I am bent to ride.

Val. To night?

Virg. I am ingag'd: ſhort farwels now muſt ſerve,
the univerſal buſineſſe calls me hence,
that toucheth a whole people. *Rome*, I fear,
thou wilt pay uſe for what thou doſt forbear. *Explicit Actus I.*

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter Clown whiſpering Virginia, after her Ad. Cladius with preſents.

Virginia SIrrah, go tell *Calpharina*, I am walking
to take the air; intreat her company.
Say I attend her coming.

Corbulo Madam, I ſhall: but if you could walk abroad, and get an Heir, it were better, for your father hath a fair revenue, and never a ſon to inherit.

Virginia You are, ſirrah ——

Corbulo Yes I am ſirrah; but not the party that is born to do that; though I have no Lordſhips, yet I have ſo much manners to give my betters place.

Virginia Whom mean you by your betters?

Corbulo I hope I have learnt to know the three degrees of compariſon: for though I be *bonus*, and you *melior* as well as *mulier*; yet my Lord *Icilius* is *optimus*.

Virginia I ſee there's nothing in ſuch private doors,
but you muſt inquire after.

Corbulo And can you blame us (Madam) to long for the merry day, as you do for the merry night?

Virginia. Will you be gone sir? (rand.

Corbulo. Oh yes, to my Lady *Calphurnia*, I remember my er-

Vir. My father's wondrous pensive, and withall *Exit Corbulo.*
with a suppresst rage left his house displeas'd,
and so in post is hurried to the camp:
it sads me much; to expell which melancholy
I have sent for company.

Enter Cladius and Musicians.

Cladius. This opportunity was dubiously waited,
it is the best part of a politician
when he would compasse ought to fame his industry
wisely to watch the advantage of the houres,
his happie minutes are not alwayes present.
Expresse your greatest art, *Virginia* hears you. *Sang.*

Vir. Oh I conceive the occasion of this harmony,
Icilius sent it, I must thank his kindnesse.

Clo. Let not *Virginia* wrote her contemplation
so high, to call this vile an intrusion;
for when she understands I tooke my message
from one that did compose it with affection
I know she will not only extend pardon,
but grace it with her favour.

Vir. You mediate excuse for courtesies,
as if I were so barren of civility,
not to esteeme it worthy of my thanks;
assure your selfe I could be longer patient
to hear my eares so feasted.

Clo. Joyne all your voyces till you make the aire
proud to usurpe your notes, and to please her
with a sweet eccho; serve *Virginias* pleasure. *Sang.*
As you have been so full of gentlenesse
to heare with patience what was brought to serve you,
so hearken with your usuall clemency
to the relation of a lovers sufferings:
your figure still doth revell in his dreames,
he banquets on your memory, yet findes
not thoughts enough to satisfie his wishes,
as if *Virginia* had compos'd his heart,
and fill'd it with her beauty.

Vir. I see he's a miser in his wishes,
and thinks he never has enough of that
which onely he possesses: but to give
his wishes satisfaction, let him know
his heart and mine lye level so near together,

that hourely they converse, and greed each other.

Clo. Is faire *Virginia* confident she knowes
her favour dwels with the same man I plead for?

Vir. — Unto *Icilius*.

Clo. Worthy faire one,
I would not wrong your worth so to employ
my language for a man so much beneath
the merit of your beauty: he I plead for
has power to make your beauty populous,
your frowne shall awe the world, and in your smile
great Rome shall build her happinesse;
honour and wealth shall not be stil'd companions,
but servants to your pleasure.
Then shall *Icilius* (but a retir'd Citizen)
boast your affection, when Lord *Appius* loves you.

Vir. Blesse his great Lordship, I was much mistaken,
let thy Lord know, thou Advocate of lust,
all the intentions of that youth are honourable,
whil'st his are fill'd with sensuality.
And for a finall resolution know,
our hearts in love like twins alike shall grow. *Exit.*

Clo. Had I a wife, or daughter that could please him
I would devote her to him, but I must
shadow this scorne, and sooth him still in lust. *Exit.*

Enter six Souldiers.

1. What newes yet of *Virginius* returne?

2. Not any.

1. O the misery of Souldiers!
They doubly starve us with faire promises.
We spread the earth like haile, or new reapt corne
in this fierce famine; and yet patiently
make our obedience the confined Jaile
that starves us;

3. Souldiers, let us draw our swords
while we have strength to use them.

1. 'Tis a motion
which nature and necessity commands.

Enter Minutius.

Minut. Y'are of *Virginius* Regiment. *Omnes.* We are.

Minut. Why doe you swarme in troopes thus? to your quarter.
Is our command growne idle? to your trench.
Come I'le divide you, this your conference
is not without suspect of mutiny.

1. Souldiers, shall I relate the grievances

of the whole Regiment.

Omnes. Boldly.

1. Then thus my Lord.

Minut. Come, I will not hear thee,

1. Sir you shall:
Sound all the Drums and Trumpets in the camp,
to drowne my utterance, yet above them all
I'le rear our just complaint. Stir not my Lord,
I vow you are not safe if you but move
a sinew till you heare us.

Minut. Well sir, command us: you are the Generall.

1. No my Lord, not I,
I am almost starved; I wake in the wet trench,
loaded with more cold iron then a Jaile
would give a murderer, while the Generall
sleeps in a field bed, and to mock our hunger
feeds us with scent of the most curious fare
that makes his tables crack, our pay detained
by those that are our Leaders: and at once
we in this sad, and unprepared plight,
with the Enemy, and Famine daily fight.

Minut. Doe you threaten us?

Omnes. Sir you shall hear him out.

1. You send us whips, and iron manackles,
and shackles plenty, but the devill a coine.
Would you would teach us that caniball trick, my Lord,
which some rich men 'ith' City oft doe use:
shall's one devoure another?

Minut. Will you hear me?

1. O Rome th'art growne a most unnaturall mother,
to those have held thee by the golden locks
from sinking into ruine; *Romulus*
was fed by a she wolfe, but now our wolves
instead of feeding us devoure our flesh,
carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,
for three parts of 't is water.

Minut. Your Captaine,
noble *Virginius* is sent Rome,
for ease of all your grievances.

1. 'Tis false.

Omnes. 1. 'Tis false.

1. Hee's stolne away from's, never to returne,
and now his age will suffer him no more
deale on the Enemy, belike hee'l prove
an usurer, and in the City aire

cut poore mens throats at home ſetting in's chaire.

Minut. You wrong one of the honorableſt Commanders—

Omnes. Honorable Commander?

1. Commander? I my Lord, there goes the thriſt
in victories, the Generall and Commanders
ſhare all the honour as they ſhare the ſpoile;
but in our overthrowes, where lies the blame?
the common ſouldiers faulr, ours is the ſhame!
What is the reaſon that being ſo far diſtant
from the affrighted enemy? wee lie
'ith' open field, ſubject to the ſick humors
of heaven and earth: unleſſe you cood beſtow
two ſummers of us? ſhall I tell you truth,
You account the expence of Ingines, and of ſwords,
of horſes and of armor dearer far,
then ſouldiers lives.

Omnes. Now by the gods you doe.

1. Obſerve you not the ravens and the crowes
have left the City ſurfet, and with us
they make full banquets. Come you birds of death,
and fill your greedy croppes with humane fleſh;
then to the City flie, diſgorge it there
before the Senate, and from thence ariſe
a plague to choake all Rome. *Omnes.* And all the Suburbs.

Minut. Upon a ſouldiers word, bold Gentlemen,
I expect every houre *Virginius*
to bring freſh comfort.

Omnes. Whom? *Virginius*?

1. Now by the gods, if ever he returne,
wee'le drag him to the ſlaughter by his locks,
turned white with riot and incontinence,
and leave a preſident to all the world,
how Captaines uſe their ſouldiers. *Enter Virginius.*

Minut. See, hee's returned:
Virginius, you are not ſafe, retire,
your troopes are mutinous, we are begirt
with Enemies more daring, and more fierce,
then is the common foe.

Virg. My Troopes, my Lord?

Minut. Your life is threatned by theſe deſperate men,
betake you to your horſe.

Virg. My noble Lord,
I never yet profeſt to teach the art
of flying. Ha, our troopes grow mutinous?

He:

he dares not look on me with half a face
that spread this mildew. Where is your Lieutenant?
Val. My Lord. *Virg.* Sirrah, order our companies.
Minut. What do you mean, my Lord?
Virg. Take air a little, they have heated me.
Sirrah, if't you will mutiny?
3. Not I Sir.
Virg. Is your gall burst, you Traitor?
4. The gods defend Sir.
Virg. Or is your stomack sea-sick, doth it cisle?
I'l make a passage for it.
5. Noble Captain, I'l dye beneath your foot.
Virg. You rough porcupine, ha,
do you bristle, do you shoot your quils you rogue?
1. They have no points to hurt you, noble Captain.
Virg. Wast you (my nimble shaver) that would whet
your sword 'gainst your Commanders throat, you sirrah?
6. My Lord I never dream't on't.
Virg. Slaves and cowards,
what are you cholerick now? by the gods
the way to purge it were to let you bleed.
I am i'th' center of you, and I'l make
the proudest of you teach the Aspen leaf
to tremble, when I breath.
Minut. A strange Conversion.
Virg. Advance your pikes. The word,
Omnes. Advance your pikes.
Virg. See noble Lord, these are no Mutineers,
these are obedient souldiers, civil men:
You shal command these, if your Lordship please,
to fil a ditch up with their slaughtered bodies,
that with more ease you may assault some Town.
So now lay down your Arms. Villains and Traitors,
I here cashier you. Hence from me my poison,
not worthy of our Discipline: Go beg,
go beg, you mutinous rogues, beg of the service
you ne'er durst look on; it were charity
to hang you, for my mind gives, y'are reserv'd
to rob poor market women.
Minut. O *Virginius.*
Virg. I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,
as you respect me. I will stand my self
for the whole Regiment, and suffer for
in mine owne single valour, then begin

with

with cowards and with traitors.

Minut. O my Lord, you are too severe.

Virg. Now by the gods, my Lord, you know no discipline, to pitie them. Pretious divells? no sooner my back turn'd, but presently to mutinie? *Omnes*: dear Captaine.

Virg. Refuse me if such traiterous rogues would not confound an Army. When doe you march? when doe you march, gentlemen?

1. My Lord, wee'l starve first, wee'le hang first, by the gods, doe any thing ere wee'le forsake you.

Minut. Good *Virginius*, limit your passion.

Virg. Sir, you may take my place, not my just anger from me: these are they have bred a dearth i'th' campe: I'le wish our foes no greater plague then to have their company: show but among them all so many scars as stick upon this flesh, I'le pardon them.

Minut. How now, my Lord, breathlesse?

Virg. By your favour. I ha said. Mischiefs confound me if I could not wish my youth renewed againe, with all her follies, onely to 'ave breath enough to raile against these——'Tis too short.

Minut. See Gentlemen, what strange distraction your falling off from duty hath begot in this most noble souldier: You may live the meanest of you to command a Troope, and then in others youle correct those faults, which in your selves you cherisht, every Captain beares in his private government that forme, which Kings should ore their Subjects, and to them should be the like obedient. We confesse you have been distrest: but can you justly challenge any commander that hath surfeted, while that your food was limited? You cannot.

Virg. My Lord, I have shared with them an equall for-hunger, and cold, marcht thorough watery fens, tune, borne as great burdens as the pioneer, when scarce the ground would bear me.

Minut. Good my Lord, give us leave to proceed; the punishment your Captaine hath inflicted

is not ſufficient; for it cannot bring
any example to ſucceeding times
of pennance worth your faulting: happily
it may in you beget a certaine ſhame;
But it will in others a ſtrong hope
of the like lenity. Yet gentlemen,
you have in one thing given me ſuch a taſte
of your obedience, when the fire was raiſed
of fierce ſedition, and the cheeke was ſwolne
to ſound the fatall Trumpet, then the ſight
of this your worthy Captaine did diſperſe
all thoſe unfruitfull humours, and even then
convert you from feirce Tigers to ſtayed men:
we therefore pardon you, and doe reſtore
your Captaine to you, you unto your Captaine.

Omnes. The gods requite you, noble Generall.

Minut. My Lord, my Lord.

Omnes. Your pardon noble Captaine.

Virg. Well, you are the Generall, and the fault is quit,
a ſouldiers teares, an elder brothers wit
have little ſalt in them, nor doe they ſeaſon
things worth obſerving, for their want of reaſon.
Take up your armes and uſe them, doe I pray,
ere long youle take your legs to run away.

Minut. And what ſupply from *Rome*?

Virg. Good ſtore of corne.

Minut. What entertainment there?

Virg. Moſt honourable,
eſpecially by the Lord *Appius*.
There is great hope that *Appius* will grow
the ſouldiers patron: wich what vehemency
he urg'd our wants, and with what expedition
he haſted the ſupplies, it is almoſt
incredible. There's promiſ'd to the ſouldiers
beſides their corne a bounteous donative;
but 'tis not certaine yet when't ſhall be paid.

Minut. How for your owne particular?

Virg. My Lord,
I was not encar'd fully two pikes length
into the Senate, but they all ſtood bare,
and each man offer'd me his ſeat: The buſineſſe
for which I went diſpatcht, what guifts, what favours
were done me, your good Lordſhip ſhall not hear,
for you would wonder anthem, only this,

'twould

'twould make a man fight up to'th' hilt in blood,
to think how nobly he shall be received
when he returnes to'th' City.

Minut. 'Tis well,
give order the provision be divided
and sent to every quarter.

Virg. Sir, it shall.
Thus men must slight their wrongs, or else conceal them,
when generall safety wills us not reveale them. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Petitioners at one doore, at the other M. Clodius.

1. *Petit.* Pray is your Lord at leasure?

M. Clodius. What is your suite?

1. *Pet.* To accept this poore Petition which makes knowne,
my many wrongs in which I crave his Justice,
and upright sentence to support my cause,
which else is trod downe by oppression.

M. Clodius. My Lords hand is the prop of Innocence,
and if your cause be worthy his supportance
it cannot fall.

1. *Petitioner.* The gods of *Rome* protect him.

Clodius. What, is your paper soo petitionary?

2. *Petit.* It leanes upon the Justice of the Judge,
your noble Lord, the very stay of *Rome*.

Clodius. And surer baile, for a poore mans cause,
she cannot yeeld. Your papers I'le deliver,
and when my Lord ascends the Judgement seate,
you shall find gracious comfort.

Enter Icilius troubled.

Icilius. Where's your Lord?

Clodius. Icilius? faire *Virginia's* late betroth'd?

Icilius. Your eares, I hope, you have not forfeited,
that you returne no answer. Where's your Lord?

Clodius. At's studie.

Icilius. I desire admittance to him.

Clodius. Please you attend, I'le know his Lordships pleasure.
Icilius? I pray heaven she have not blab'd.

Icilius. Attend? a petty Lawyer t'other day,
glad of a fee, but cal'd to eminent place,
even to his betters, now the word's, Attend.
This gowned office, what a breadth it beares?
how many tempests waite upon his frowne?

Enter Clodius.

Clodius. All the petitioners withdraw. I. *Appius*

must have this place more private, as a favour
reserv'd for you, *Icilius*. Here's my Lord.

Enter Appius with Lictors after him.

Appius. Be gone, this place is only spar'd for us,
and you *Icilius*. Now your business.

Icil. May I speak it freely?

App. We have suffering ears,
A heart the softest downe may penetrate.
Proceed.

Icil. My Lord.

App. We are private, Pray your courtesie.

Icil. My duty.

App. Leave that to th' publick eye
of *Rome*, and of *Romes* people. *Cladius* there.

Clod. My Lord.

App. Place me a second Chaire; that done,
remove your self. So now, your absence *Cladius*.
Icilius sit, this grace we make not common
unto the noblest Romane, but to you
our love affords it freely. Now your suit?

Icil. It is, you would be kind unto the Camp.

App. Wherein, *Icilius*, doth the Camp touch thee?

Icil. Thus: Old *Virginius*, now my father in Law,
kept from the publick pay, consumes himself,
sels his Revenues, turnes his plate to coyn,
to wage his souldiers, and supply the Camp,
wasting that useful substance which indeed
should rise to me, as my *Virginia's* Dowry.

App. We meet that opposition thus *Icilius*.
The Camps supplies doth not consist in us,
but those that keep the common Treasury.
Speak or intreat we may, but not command.
But Sir, I wonder, you so brave a Youth,
son to a thrifty Romane, should ally you,
and knit your strong armes to such falling branches;
which rather in their ruine will bear down
your strength, then you support their rottennes.
Be swayed by me, fly from that ruinous boule.
whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine,
whose bases are of Marble, deeply fixt
to danger all gusts and impending stormes.
Cast off that beggars daughter, poor *Virginia*,
whose dowry and beauty, I'l see troubled both,

in one ally'd to me. Smile you *Icilius*?

Icil. My Lord, my Lord, think you I can imagine
your close and sparing hand can be profuse
so give that man a Palace, whom you late
deny'd a cottage? Will you from your own coffers
grant me a treble Dowry, yet interpose me
a poor third from the common Treasury?
You must move me by possibilities,
for I have brains; give first your hand and Seal,
that old *Virginius* shall receive his pay
both for himself and souldiers, and that done,
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think,
that you who with such willingness did that——

App. Is my Love mispriz'd?

Icil. Not to *Virginia*.

App. *Virginia*?

Icil. Yes *Virginia*, Lustful Lord.
I did but trace your cunning all this while.
You would bestow me on some Appian Trull,
and for that dross to cheat me of my Gold;
for this the Camp pines, and the City smarts.
All *Rome* fares worse for thy incontinence.

App. Mine boy?

Icil. Thine Judg. This hand hath intercepted
thy Letters, and perus'd thy tempting guests,
these ears have heard thy amorous passions, wretch,
these eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd.
A Judg, a Divel.

App. Come I'l hear no more.

Icil. Sit still, or by the powerful Gods of *Rome*
I'l nail thee to the Chair. But suffer me,
I'l offend nothing but thine ears.

App. Our Secretary.

Icil. Tempt not a Lovers fury, if thou dost
now by my vow, insculpt in heaven, I'l send thee.——

App. You see I am patient.

Icil. But withal revengeless.

App. So, say on.

Icil. Hope not of any grace, or the least favour,
I am so covetous of *Virginia*'s love,
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch.
Divide one bare imaginary thought
into a thousand, thousand parts, and that
I'l not afford thee.

App.

must have this place more private, as a favour
reserv'd for you, *Icilius*. Here's my Lord.

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and knit your strong armes to such falling branches,
which rather in their ruine will bear downe
your strength, then you support their rottennesse.
Be swayed by me, fly from that ruinous house,
whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine,
whose bases are of Marble, deeply set
to danger all gusts and impending stormes.
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in one ally'd to me. Smile you *Icilius*?

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App. You see I am patient.

Icil. But withal revengeless.

App. So, say on.

Icil. Hope not of any grace, or the least favour, I am so covetous of *Virginia*'s love, I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch. Divide one bare imaginary thought into a thousand, thousand parts, and that I'l not afford thee.

App. Thou shalt not.

Icil. Nay, I will not.
Hadst thou a Judges place above those Judges
that judg all souls, having power to sentence me,
I would not bribe thee, no not with one hair
from her fair temples.

App. Thou shouldst not.

Icil. Nay, I would not.
Think not her Beauty shall have leave to crown
thy lustfull hopes with the least spark of bliss,
or have thine ears charm'd with the ravishing sound
even of her harshest phrase.

App. I will not.

Icil. Nay, thou shalt not.
Shee's mine, my soul is crownd in her desire,
to her I'ld travell through a land of fire.

App. Now have you done?

Icil. I have spoke my thoughts.

App. Then will thy fury give me leave to speak?

Icil. I pray say on.

App. Icilius, I must chide you, and withall
tell you, your rashnesse hath made forfeiture
even of your precious life, which wee esteeme
too deer to call in question. If I wisht you
of my allyance, graft into my blood,
condemn you me for that? Oh see the rashnesse
and blind misprision of distempred youth!
As for the Maid *Virginia*, wee are far
even in least thought from her; and for those Letters,
Tokens and Presents, wee acknowledg none.
Alas, though great in place, wee are not gods.
If any false impostor hath usurpt
our hand or greatnesse in his own behoof,
can wee help that? *Icilius*, there's our hand;
your rashnesse we remit; let's have hereafter
your love and best opinion. For your suit,
repair to us at both our better leisures,
wee'l breathe in it new life.

Icil. I crave your pardon.

App. Granted ere crav'd, my good *Icilius*.

Icil. —— Morrow,

App. It is no more indeed. Morrow *Icilius*.
If any of our servants wait without,
command them in.

Icil. I shall.

App. Our Secretary,
we have uſe for him. *Icilius*, ſend him hither.
Again good morrow. *Exit Icilius.*
Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and caſt.
Appius be circumſpect, and be not raſh
in blood as th'art in luſt; Be murderous ſtill,
but when thou ſtrik'ſt, with unſeen weapons kill.

Enter Clodius.

Clod. My Honourable Lord.
Appius. Deride me, dog?
Clod. Who hath ſtirr'd up this tempeſt in your brow?
App. Not you? Fie, you?
Clod. All you Panthean Gods,
confound me, if my ſoul be acceſſary
to your diſtractions.
Appius. To ſend a ruffian hither,
even to my cloſet, firſt, to brave my Greatneſs,
play with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hiſſe me;
nay after all theſe deep diſparagements,
threat me with ſteel, and menace me unarm'd,
to nail me to my ſeat, if I but mov'd:
all theſe are ſlight, ſlight toyes.
Clod. Icilius do this?
App. Ruffian *Icilius*, he that in the front
of a ſmooth Citizen, bears the rugged ſoul
of a moſt baſe Bandetto.
Clod. He ſhall die for't.
App. Be not too raſh.
Clo. Were there no more men to ſupport great *Rome*,
even falling *Rome* ſhould periſh, ere he ſtand:
I'l after him, and kill him.
App. Stay, I charge thee.
Lend me a patient ear; To right our wrongs,
we muſt not menace with a publick hand;
we ſtand in the worlds eye, and ſhall be taxt
of the leaſt violence, where we revenge:
We ſhould ſmile ſmootheſt where our hate's moſt deep,
and when our ſpleen's broad waking, ſeem to ſleep.
Let the young man play ſtill upon the bit,
till we have brought and train'd him to our lure;
Great men ſhould ſtrike but once, and then ſtrike ſure.
Clod. Love you *Virginia* ſtill?
App. Do I ſtill live?

Clod.

Clod. Then she's your own. *Virginius* is, you say,
still in the Camp.

App. True.

Clod. Now in his absence will I claim *Virginia*
to be the daughter of a bond woman,
and slave to me; to prove which, I'l produce
firme proofs, notes probable, sound Witnesses,
then having with your Lictors summond her,
I'l bring the cause before your Judgement Seat,
where, upon my infallid evidence,
you may pronounce the sentence on my side,
and she become your Strumpet not your Bride.

App. Thou hast a copius brain, but how in this
shall we dispose *Icilius*?

Clod. If he spurne
clap him up close, there's wayes to charm his spleen.
By this no scandal can redound to you;
the Cause is mine; you but the Sentencer,
upon that evidence which I shall bring.
The business is, to 'ave Warrants by Arrest,
to answer such things at the Judgment Bar
as can be laid against her; Ere her friends
can be assembled, ere her self can study
her answer or scarce know her cause of summons
to descant on the matter, *Appius* may
examine, try, and doom *Virginia*.
But all this must be sudden.

App. Thou art born
to mount me high above *Icilius* scorn.
I'l leave it to thy manage. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

Enter Nurse and the Clown.

Corbulo. What was that you said, Nurse?

Nurse. Why, I did say thou must bestir thy selfe.

Corbulo. I warrant you I can bestir my stumps as soon as another, if fit occasion be offered; but why do you come upon me in such haste? is it because (Nurse) I should come over you at leisure?

Nurse

Nurſe. Come over me, thou knave? what doſt thou mean by that?

Corbulo. Only this, if you will come off, I will come on.

Nurſe. My Lord hath ſtrangers to night: you muſt make ready the Parlour, a table and lights; nay when, I ſay!

Corbulo. Me thinks you ſhould rather wiſh for a bed then for a board, for darkneſs then for lights; yet I muſt confeſs you have been a light woman in your time: but now.

Nurſe. But now? what now, you knave?

Corbulo. But now I'l go fetch the table and ſome lights preſently.

Enter Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Icilius.

Numit. Some lights to uſher in theſe Gentlemen,
Clear all the roomes without there. Sit, pray ſit.
None interrupt our conference. *Enter Virginia.*
Ha, whoſe that?

Nurſe My moſt—— child, if it pleaſe you.

Numitor. Fair *Virginia*, you are welcome.
The reſt forbear us till we call. Sweet cozen,
our buſineſs, and the cauſe of our diſcourſe
admits you to this Councel. Take your place.
Icilius we are private, now proceed.

Icil. Then thus; Lord *Appius* doth intend me wrong,
and under his ſmooth calmneſſe cloaks a tempeſt,
that will ere long break out in violence
on me and on my fortunes.

Numit. My good cozen,
you are young, and youth breeds raſhneſs. Can I think
Lord *Appius* will do wrong who is all Juſtice,
the moſt auſtere and upright Cenſurer
that ever ſate upon the awful Bench?

Valer. Icilius, you are neer to me in blood,
and I eſteem your ſafety as mine owne.
If you will needs wage eminence and ſtate,
chuſe out a weaker oppoſite, not one
that in his arm bears all the ſtrength of *Rome.*

Numit. Beſides *Icilius*,
know you the danger what it is to ſcandal
one of his place and ſway?

Icil. I know it kinſmen, yet this popular Greatneſs
can be no bug-bear to affright mine innocence.
No his ſmooth creſt hath caſt a palpid film
over *Romes* eyes. He juggles, a plain Juggler.
Lord *Appius* is no leſſe.

Numit. Nay, then Cozen,
you are too harsh, and I must hear no more.
It ill becomes my place and gravity,
to lend a face to such reproachful terms
'gainst one of his high presence.
Icil. Sir, pray sir,
to see me draw his picture 'fore your eyes,
to make this man seem monstrous, and this god
Rome so adores, a divel, a plain divel.
This Lord, this Judg this *Appius*, that professeth
to all the world a vestal chastity,
is an incontinent, loose Leacher growne.
Numit. Fy cozen.
Icil. Nay 'tis true. Daily and hourely
he tempts this blushing Virgin with large promises,
with melting words and Presents of high rate,
to be the stale to his unchaste desires.
Omnes. Is't possible?
Icil. Possible?
'Tis actual Truth, I pray but ask your Neece.
Virg. Most true, I am extremely tyr'd and wearied
with messages and tokens of his love;
no answer, no repulse will satisfie
the tediousnes of his importunate suit.
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,
without the danger of reproach and shame,
I kept it secret from *Icilius*;
but when I saw their boldnes found no limit,
and they from fair intreaty grew to threats,
I told him all.
Icil. True: understanding which
to him I went.
Valer. To *Appius*?
Icil. To that Gyant,
the high Colossus that bestrides us all;
I went to him.
Horatio. How did you bear your self?
Icil. Like *Appius*, at the first, dissembling'ly,
but when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,
and none but we two in the Lobby, then
I drew my Poinyard, took him by the throat,
and when he would have clamor'd, threatned death,
unless he would with patience hear me out.
Numit. Did he, *Icilius*?

Icil.

Icil. I made him that he durſt not ſqueake,
not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,
nor ſtir a fingar.

Horatio. What ſucceeded then?

Numit. Keep faſt the door there: Sweet Couz not too loud.
What then ſucceeded?

Icilius. Why, I told him all,
gave him his due, call'd him laſcivious Judge,
(a thouſand things which I have now forgot)
ſhewd him his hand a witneſſe 'gainſt himſelf,
and every thing with ſuch known circumſtance,
that he might well excuſe, but not deny.

Numit. How parted you?

Icilius. Why Friends, in outward ſhew.
But I perceiv'd his heart: that Hypocrite
was born to gull *Rome*, and deceive us all.
He ſwore to me quite to abjure her love;
yet ere my ſelf could reach *Virginia*'s chamber,
one was before me with regreets from him,
I know his hand. Th' intent of this our meeting
was to intreat your counſell and advice:
The good old man her Father is from home,
I think it good that ſhe now in his abſence
ſhould lodg in ſecret with ſome private friend,
where *Appius* nor his Lictors, thoſe blood-hounds
can hunt her out. You are her unkle Sir,
I pray counſell the beſt.

Numit. To oppoſe our ſelves
now in this heat againſt ſo great a man,
might in my judgment to our ſelves bring danger,
and to my Neece no ſafety. If we fall
ſhe cannot ſtand; lets then preſerve our ſelves
until her father be diſcharg'd the Camp.

Valer. And good *Icilius*, for your private ends,
and the dear ſafety of your friends and kindred,
againſt that Statiſt, ſpare to vie your ſpleen.

Icil. I will be ſway'd by you. My Lords, 'tis late,
and time to break up conference: Noble Uncle
I am your growing Debtor.

Numit. Lights without there.

Icil. I will conduct *Virginia* to her lodging.
Good night to all at once.

Numit. The Gods of *Rome* protect you all, and then
we need not fear the envious rage of men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clodius, with foure Lictors.

Clodius. *Lictors* beſtow your ſelves in ſome cloſe ſhops,
about the *forum*, till you have the ſight
of faire *Virginia*, for I underſtand
this preſent morning ſhee'l come forth to buy
ſome neceſſaries at the Sempſters ſhops:
how ere accompanied be it your care
to ſeaſe her at our action. Good my friends,
diſperſe your ſelves, and keep a carefull watch.

1. 'Tis ſtrange that Ladies will not pay their debts.

2. 'It were ſtrange indeed, if that our Romane Knights,
would give them good example and pay theirs.

1. The Calender that we *Lictors* goe by, is all dog dayes.

2. Right, our common hunt is ſtill to dog unthrifts.

1. And whats your book of common-prayer?

2. Faith onely for the increaſe of riotous young Gentlemen i'th' countrey, and banquerouts i'th' City.

1. I know no man more valiant then we are, for wee
back Knights and Gentlemen daily.

2. Right, we have them by the back hourely; your French flye applied to the nape of the neck for the French Rheume, is not ſo ſore a drawer as a *Lictor*.

1. Some ſay that if a little rimbred fellow would juſtle a great logerhead, let him be ſure to lay him i'th' kennell; but when we ſhoulder a Knight, or a Knights fellow, we make him more ſure, for we kennell him i'th' counter.

2. Come, lets about our buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Virginia, Nurſe, and Clowne.

Virg. You are growne wondrous amorous of late,
why doe you looke back ſo often?

Clown. Madam, I goe as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock.

Virg. And what's the reaſon?

Clown. Your Ladiſhip never ſaw a Monky in all your life time have a clog at's taile, but hee's ſtill looking back to ſee what the devil 'tis that followes him.

Nurſe. Very good, we are your clogs then.

Virg. Your creſt is growne regardant, here's the beauty,
that makes your eyes forgetfull of their way.

Clow. Beauty? O the gods! Madam I cannot indure her com-
Nurſe. Why ſir, what's my complexion? (plexion.

Clow. Thy complexion is juſt between a moore & a french woman.

Virg. But ſhe hath a matchleſſe eye ſir.

Clow. True, her eyes are not right matches, beſides ſhe is a widow.

Nurſe. What then, I pray you?

Clown. Of all waters I would not have my horſe powder'd with a widowes teares.

Virg. Why, I beſeech you?

Clow. O they are too freſh Madam, aſſure your ſelfe they will not laſt for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter; beſides, if a man come a wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet contrary to the old rule, ſhe will ſooner fill her eye then her belly. Beſides that, if he looke into her eſtate, firſt, look you, Here are foure fingers, firſt the charge of her husbands funerall, next debts, and legacies, and laſtly the reverſion; now take away debts and legacies, and what remaines for her ſecond husband?

Nurſe. I would ſome of the Tribe heard you.

Clown. There's a certaine fiſh, that as the learned divulge, is call'd a ſharke. Now this fiſh can never feede while he ſwims upon's belly, marry when he lies upon his back, oh he takes it at pleaſure.

Virg. Well ſir, about your buſineſſe, make proviſion of thoſe things I directed.

Clown. Sweet Lady, theſe eyes ſhall be the clarks of the kitchin for your belly; but I can aſſure you Woodcocks will be hard to be ſpoke with, for there's a great feaſt towards.

Virg. You are very pleaſant.

Clown. And freſh cod is taken down thick and threefold, women without great bellies goe together by the ears for't, and ſuch a number of ſweet tooth'd eaters in the market, not a calves head to be got for love or money; Muttons mutton now.

Virg. Why, was it not ſo ever?

Clown. No Madam, the ſinners i'th' Suburbs had almoſt tane the name quite away from't, 'twas ſo cheap and common; but now 'tis at a ſweet reckoning, the Terme time is the muttonmonger in the whole calender.

Nurſe. Doe your Lawyers eat any ſallets with their mutton.

Clow. Yes, the younger revellers uſe capers to their mutton, ſo long till with their ſhuffling and cutting ſome of them be out at heeles againe. A bountifull minde and a full purſe ever attend your Ladiſhip.

Virg. O I thank you. *Enter Clodius, and ſome Lictors.*

Clo. See, yon's the Lady.

Clown. I will buy up for your Ladiſhip all the young cuckoes in the market. *Virg.* What to doe?

Clown. O 'tis the moſt delicateſt diſh I'le aſſure you, and neweſt in faſhion: not a great feaſt in all *Rome* without a cuckoe.

Clodi. Virginia. Virg. Sir.

Clodi. Miſtris you doe not know me, yet we muſt be acquainted: follow

Virg.

Virg. You doe salute me strangely. Follow you.

Clow. Doe you hear sir, me thinks you have followers enough. Many Gentlemen that I know, would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'le assure you.

Clodius. Come, will you goe?

Virg. Whither? by what command?

Clodius. By warrant of these men, and priviledge
I hold even on thy life. Come ye proud dame,
you are not what you seeme.

Virg. Uncivill sir,
what makes you thus familiar and thus bold?
Unhand me villaine.

Clodius. What Mistris, to your Lord?
he that can set the rasor to your throate,
and punish you as freely as the gods,
no man to aske the cause? Thou art my slave,
and here I sease what's mine.

Virg. Ignoble villaine,
I am as free as the best King or Consull
since *Romulus*. What dost thou meane? Unhand me.
Give notice to my uncle and *Icilius*,
what violence is offer'd me. *Clod.* Doe, doe.

Clow. Doe you presse women for souldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in ure? By this light if thou hast any eares on thy head, as it is a question, I'le make my Lord pull you out by th' eares, though you take a Castle. *Exit.*

Clodius. Come, will you goe along?

Nurse. Whither should she goe sir? here's pulling and haling a poore Gentlewoman.

Clodius. Hold you your prating reverence, the whip
shall cease on you for your smooth cozenage.

Virg. Are not you servant to Lord *Appius*.

Clodius. How ere I am your Lord, and will approve it
fore all the Senate.

Virg. Thou wilt prove thy selfe
the cursed pander for anothers lust,
and this your plot shall burst about your Ears
like thunderbolts.

Clodi. Hold you that confidence,
first I will seale you by the course of law,
And then I'le talke with you.

Enter Icilius, and Numitorius.

Numit. How now, faire cousen?

Icilius. How now, Gentlemen?

what's

What's the offence of faire *Virginia*,
you bend your weapons on us?

Lictor. Sir ſtand back, we feare a reſcue.

Icilius. There's no need of feare,
where there's no cauſe of reſcue: what's the matter?

Virg. O my *Icilius*! Your incredulity
hath quite undone me, I am now no more
Virginius daughter, ſo this villaine urges;
But publiſh't for his bondwoman.

Numit. How's this?

Clodius. 'Tis true my Lord,
and I will take my right by courſe of Law.

Icilius. Villaines ſet her free,
or by the power of all our Romane gods,
I'le give that juſt revenge unto my rage
which ſhould be given to Juſtice. Bondwoman?

Clodi. Sir, we doe not come to fight, wee'le deale *Enter Appius.*
By courſe of Law. My Lord we fear a reſcue,

Appius. A reſcue? never fear't, here's none in preſence
but civill men. My Lord, I am glad to ſee you.
Noble *Icilius*, we ſhall ever love you.
Now Gentlemen reach your Petitions.

Icilius. My Lord, my Lord.

App. Worthy *Icilius*, if you have any buſineſſe defer't
untill to morrow, or the afternoone,
I ſhall be proud to pleaſure you.

Icilius. The Fox is earth't, my Lord you cannot winde him yet.

Appius. Stooles for my noble friends. ——I pray you ſit.

Clodius. May it pleaſe your Lordſhip.

App. Why uncivill ſir?
have I not beg'd forbearance of my beſt
and deareſt friends, and muſt you trouble me?

Clodius. My Lord, I muſt be heard, and will be heard,
were all the gods in Parliament, I'de burſt
their ſilence with my importunity,
but they ſhould heare me.

Appius. The fellow's mad;
we have no leaſure now to heare you ſir.

Clodius. Hiſt now no leaſure to heare juſt complaints?
Reſigne thy place O *Appius*, that ſome other
may doe me Juſtice then.

Appius. Wee'l hear't to morrow.

Clodius. O my Lord,
Deny me Juſtice abſolutely, rather

them feed me with delayes.

Icilius. Good my Lord heare him,
and wonder when you heare him, that a case
so full of vile Imposture, should desire
to be unfoulded.

Clodius. I my Lord, 'tis true,
the Imposture is on their parts.

Appius. Hold your prating,
away with him to prison, clamorous fellow.
Suspect you our uprightnesse?

Clodius. No my Lord:
but I have mighty Enemies, my Lord,
will overflow my cause. See, here I hold
my bondwoman that brags her selfe to be
descended of a noble family.
My purse is too scant to wage Law with them,
I am inforc't be mine own advocate,
not one will pleade for me. Now if your Lordship
will doe me justice so, if not then know
high hills are safe, when seas poore dales orflow.

Appius. Sirra, I think it fit to let you know,
e're you proceed in this your subtle suite,
what penalty and danger you acrue,
if you be found to double. Here's a virgin
famous by birth, by education noble,
and she forsooth, haply but to draw
some piece of money from her worthy father,
must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman.
Sirra take heed, and well bethink your selfe,
I'le make you a president to all the world,
if I but finde you tripping.

Clodius. Doe it freely.
and view on that condition these just proofes.

App. Is that the Virgins nurse.

Nurse. Her milch Nurse my Lord, I had a sore hand with her for a year and a quarter, I have had somewhat to doe with her since too, for the poore Gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green sickneſſe.

Icilius. I pray thee Nurse intreat *Servius*
to come and speak with me.

App. Here is strange circumstance, view it my Lord,
if he should prove this, it would make *Virginius*
think he were wronged.

Icilius. There is a devilish cunning

expreſt

expreſt in this black forgerie.

App. Icilius and *Virginia* pray come neer,
compound with this baſe fellow. You were better
diſburſe ſome trifle then to undergo
the queſtion of her freedome.

Icilius. O my Lord!
ſhe were not worth a handfull of a bribe,
if ſhe did need a bribe.

Appius. Nay, take your courſe,
I onely give you my opinion,
I aske no fee for't. Do you know this fellow?

Virginia. Yes my Lord, he's your ſervant.

Appius. Y'are i'th' right:
But will you truly know his character?
he was at firſt a pettie Notary,
a fellow that being truſted with large ſummes
of honeſt Citizens, to be imploy'd
i'th' trade of uſury; this Gentleman,
couching his credit like a tilting ſtaffe
moſt cunningly it brake, and at one courſe
he ran away with thirty thouſand pound,
returning to the City ſeven year after,
having compounded with his creditors
for the third moity, he buyes an office
belonging to our place, depends on us,
in which the oppreſſion and vile injuries
he hath done poore ſuters, they have cauſe to rue,
and I to pity: he hath ſold his ſmiles
for ſilver, but his promiſes for gold,
his delayes have undone men.
The plague that in ſome foulded cloud remaines,
the bright Sun ſoone diſperſeth; but obſerve,
when black infection in ſome dunghill lies,
there's worke for bells and graves, if it doe riſe.

Numitor. He was an ill prop to your houſe, my Lord.

Appius. 'Tis true my Lord, but we that have ſuch ſervants,
are like to Cuccolds that have riotous wives,
we are the laſt that know it: this is it
makes noblemen ſuſpected to have done ill,
when the oppreſſion lies in their proud followers.

Clod. My Lord, it was ſome ſoothing ſicophant,
ſome baſe detracting Raſcal that hath ſpread
this falſehood in your ears.

App. Peace Impudence, did I not yeſter day, no longer ſince

surprize thee in thy Study counterfeiting our hand? *Clod.* 'Tis true, my Lord.

App. Being subscribed unto a Letter fill'd with amorous stuff unto this Lady?

Clod. I have askt your pardon, and gave you reason why I was so bold to use that forgery.

App. Did you receive it?

Virg. I did my Lord, and I can shew your Lordship a packet of such Letters.

App. Now by the Gods, I'll make you rue it. I beseech you Sir, shew them the reason mov'd you counterfeit our Letter.

Enter Virginius.

Clod. Sir, I had no other colour to come to speak with her.

App. A goodly reason! Did you until this hour acquaint the Lady with your intended suit?

Clod. At several times, and would have drawn her by some private course to have compounded for her liberty.

Virg. Now by a Virgins honour and true birth, 'tis false, my Lord, I never had a dream so terrible as is this monstrous Elve.

App. Well Sir, referring my particular wrong to a particular censure, I would know what is your suit? *Clod.* My Lord, a speedy tryal.

App. You shall obtain't with all severity, I will not give you longer time to dream upon new slights to cloak your forgery. Observe you this Camelion, my Lords, Ile make him change his colour presently.

Numit. My Lord, although th' uprightness of our cause needs no delayes, yet for the satisfaction of old *Virginius*, let him be present when we shall crave a tryal.

Appius. Sir it needs not: Who stands for father of the Innocent, if not the Judg? Ile save the poor old man that needless travel.

Virg. With your favour Sir, we must intreat some respit in a business

so needful of his presence.

App. I do protest,
you wrong your selves thus to importune it.
Well, let it be to morrow, I'l not sleep
till I have made this thicket a smooth plain,
and giv'n you your true honor back again.

Icil. My Lord, the distance 'twixt the Camp and us
cannot be measured in so short a time.
Let us have four dayes respit.

App. You are unwise;
rumor by that time will have fully spred
the scandal, which being ended in one hour
will turn to sir: To morrow is the Tryal,
in the mean time, let all contented thoughts
attend you.

Clod. My Lord, you deal unjustly
thus to dismis her; this is that they seek for,
before to morrow they'l convey her hence
where my claim shall not seise her.

App. Cunning knave,
You would have bond for her appearance? say.

Clod. I think the motions honest.

App. Very good.
Icilius shall engage his honoured word
for her appearance.

Clod. As you please, my Lord,
But it were fitting her old Uncle there
were jointly bound with him.

App. Well Sir, your pleasure
shall have satiety. You'l take our word
for her appearance; will you not Sir, I pray?

Clod. Most willingly my Lord.

App. Then Sir you have it,
and 'th' mean time I'l take the honoured Lady
into my guardianship, and by my life,
I'l use her in all kindness as my wife.

Icil. Now by the Gods you shall not.

App. Shall not, what?

Icil. Not use her as your wife Sir.

App. O my Lord, I spake it from my heart.

Icil. I very likely.
She is a Virgin Sir, and must not lye
under a mans forth coming; do you mark?
not under your forth coming, leacherous *Appius.*

Appi. Miſtake me not, my Lord: Our Secretary,
Take bonds for the appearance of this Lady.
And now to you ſir, you that were my ſervant,
I here caſheire you; never ſhalt thou ſhrowde
thy villanies under our noble roofe,
nor ſcape the whip, or the fell hangmans hook
by warrant of our favour.

Clod. So my Lord,
I am more free to ſerve the Gods, I hope,
now I have loſt your ſervice.

App. Harke you ſirra,
who ſhall give bonds for your appearance, ha?
to juſtifie your claim?

Clod. I have none, my Lord.

App. Away, commit him priſoner to his chamber:
I'le keep you ſafe from ſtarting.

Clod. Why my Lord?

App. Away, I wil not hear you.
A Judges heart here in the midſt muſt ſtand,
and move not a haires bredth to either hand. *Exit.*

Numit. O were thy heart but of the ſelf ſame piece
thy tongue is, *Appius*; how bleſt were *Rome*!

Icil. Poſt to the campe *Servorius*, thou haſt heard
th'effect of all, relate it to *Virginius*:
I pray thee uſe thy ableſt horſemanſhip,
for it concerns us near. *Serto.* I goe my Lord. *Exit.*

Icil. Sure all this is damn'd cunning.

Virg. O my Lord,
ſeamen in tempeſts ſhun the flattering ſhore,
to bear full ſails upon't were danger more.
So men o're born with greatneſs ſtil hold dread,
falſe ſeeming friends that on their boſomes ſpread:
for this is a ſafe truth which never varies,
He that ſtrikes all his ſailes ſeldome miſcarries.

Icil. Muſt we be ſlaves both to a tyrants will,
and confounding ignorance at once?
Where are we, in a miſt, or is this hell?
I have ſeen as great as the proud Judge have fell:
the bending Willow yeilding to each wind,
ſhall keep his rooting firme; when the proud Oak
braving the ſtorme, preſuming on his roote,
ſhall have his body rent from head to foote;
Let us expect the worſt that may befal,
and with a noble confidence beare all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Appius, Clodius, and a servant.

App. Here, bear this packet to *Minutius*,
and privately deliver it, make as much speed
as if thy father were deceas'd i'th' Camp,
and that thou went'st to take th' Administration
of what he left thee. Fly, away.

Clod. I go my Lord. *Exit.*

App. O my trusty *Clodius*.

Clod. My dear Lord,
let me adore your divine policy.
You have poison'd them with sweet meats, you have my Lord.
But what contain those Letters?

App. Much importance.
Minutius is commanded by that packet
to hold *Virginius* prisoner in the Camp
on some suspect of Treason.

Clod. But my Lord, how will you answer this?

App. Tush, any fault
or shadow of a Crime will be sufficient
for his committing: thus when he is absent
we shall in a more calm and friendly sea
sail to our purpose.

Clod. *Mercury* himself
could not direct more safely.

App. O my *Clodius*,
Observe this rule, one ill must cure another;
as *Aconitum* a strong poison, brings
a present cure against all Serpents stings.
In high attempts, the soul hath infinite eyes,
and 'tis necessity makes men most wise.
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,
this of my fate in after times be spoken,
I'l break that with my weight on which I am broken. *Exeunt.*

Enter Two Serving men at one door, at the other Corbulo *the Clowne melancholy.*

1 *Serving.* Why how now *Corbulo*? thou wast not wont to be of this sad temper. What's the matter now?

Corb. Times change, and seasons alter, some men are born to the Bench, and some to the halter. What do you think now that I am?

1. *Serving.* I think thee to be *Virginia's* man; and *Corbulo*.

Corb. No, no such matter: ghess again, tell me but what I am, or what manner of fellow you imagine me to be?

1. *Serving.* I take thee to be an honest good fellow.

Corb.

Corb. Wide of the bow hand stil a *Corbule* is no such man.

2. *Serving.* What art thou then?

Corb. Listen, and I'l describe my self to you: I am something better then a Knave, and yet come short of being an honest man, and though I can sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the base, being indeed, and as the case stands with me at this present, inferiour to a rogue, and three degrees worse then a Rascal.

1. *Serving.* How comes this to passe?

Corb. Only by my services successe. Take heed whom you serve, Oh you serving Creatures; for this is all I have got by serving my Lady *Virginia*.

2. *Serving.* Why, what of her?

Corb. She is not the woman you take her to be; for though she have borrowed no money, yet she is entered into bonds; and though you may think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very like her bond will be taken. The truth of she is challenged to be a bond woman; now if she be a bondwoman and a slave, and I her servant and Vassal, what did you take me to be? I am an Ant, a Goat, a worm, a Woodcock amongst birds, a Hodmondod amongst flies, amongst Curs a trindle tale, and amongst fishes a poor Iper; but amongst Serving men worse, worse then the mans man to the under Yeomen Fewterer.

1. *Serving.* But is it possible, thy Lady is challenged to be a slave? What witness have they?

Corb. Witness these Fountains, these Flood-gates, these Well-springs: the poor Gentlewoman was Arrested in the open Market; I offered, I offered to bail her, but (though she was) I could not be taken. The grief hath gone so near my heart, that until I be made free, I shall never be mine own man. The Lord *Appius* hath committed her to Ward, and it is thought she shall neither lye on the Knight side, nor in the Troping Ward, for if he may have his will of her, he means to put her in the Hole. His Warrant hath been out for her, but how the case stands with him, or how matters will be taken up with her, 'tis yet uncertain.

2. *Serving.* When shall the Tryal be?

Corb. I take it to be as soon as the morning is brought a bed of a new son and Heir.

2. *Serving.* And when is that?

Corb. Why to morrow, for every morning you know brings forth a new sun, but they are all short liv'd, for every night shee drowns them in the Western sea. But to leave these *Ænigmaes*, as too high for your dull apprehensions. Shall I see you at the Tryal to morrow?

1. *Serving.* By *Jovis* help I'l be there.

2. *Serving.* And I, if I live.

Corb. And I, if I dye for't: Here's my hand I'l meet you. It is thought my old master will be there at the Bar; for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord *Numitorius* hath sent one of his Posts to the Camp to bid him spur cut and come to the sentence. Oh we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead. But you will remember to be there.

1. *Serving.* And not to fail.

Corb. If I chance to meet you there, and that the Case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of Wine, but of Tears; for instead of a new Role, I purpose to break my Fast with sops of sorrow.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Enter Virginius like a slave, Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Horatio Virginia like a slave, Julia, Calphurina, Nurse.

Virginius. THanks to my noble friends, it now appears
that you have rather lov'd me then my fortune,
for that's near shipwrackt: chance you see still ranges,
and this short dance of life is full of changes.
Appius I how hollow that name sounds, how dreadful?
It is a question, whether the proud Leacher
will view us to our merit; for they say,
his memory to vertue and good men
is still carousing *Lethe.* O the Gods,
not with more terror do the souls in hell
appear before the seat of *Rhadamant*,
then the poor Clyent yonder.

Numit. O *Virginius.*
Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits
your noble person, or this reverend place.

Virg. Thats true, old man, but it well fits the case
thats now in question. If with form and shew
they prove her slaved, all freedome I'le forgoe.

Icilius. Noble *Virginius*,
put out a bold and confident defence:
search the Imposture, like a cunning Tryer,
false mettals bear the touch, but brook not fire:

their brittleness betrayes them; let your breath
discover as much shame in them, as death
did ever draw from Offenders. Let your truth
nobly supported, void of fear of ill,
welcome what ever comes with a great heart.

Virginius. Now by the Gods, I thank thee noble youth,
I never fear'd in a besieged Town
Mines or great Engines like yon Lawyers Gown.

Virginia. O my dear Lord and father, once you gave me
a noble freedom, do not see it lost
without a forfeit; take the life you gave me
and sacrifice it rather to the gods
then to a villains Lust. Happy the Wretch
who born in bondage lives and dies a slave,
and sees no lustful projects bent upon her,
and neither knowes the life nor death of honor.

Icil. We have neither Justice, no nor violence,
which should reform corruption sufficient
to cross their black premeditated doom.
Appius will seize her, all the fire in hell
is leapt into his bosom.

Virginius. O you Gods,
extinguish it with your compassionate tears,
although you make a second deluge spread,
and swell more high then *Teneriff's* high head.
Have not the Wars heapt snow sufficient
upon this aged head, but they will still
pile winter upon winter?

Enter Appius, Oppius, Clodius, six Senators, Lictors.

Appius. Is he come? say.
Now by my life I'l quit the General.

Numit. Your reverence to the Judge, good brother.

Virginius. Yes Sir, I have learnt my complement thus,
Blest mean estates who stand in fear of many,
and great are curst for that they fear not any.

App. What is *Virginius* come?

Virg. I am here my Lord.

App. Where is your daughter?

Numit. Here my reverend Lord,
Your habit shewes you strangely.

Virginia. O 'tis fit,
it suites both time and cause. Pray pardon it,

App. Where is your Advocate?

Virg. I have none my Lord.
Truth needs no Advocate, the unjuſt Cauſe
buyes up the tongues that travel with applauſe
in theſe your thronged Courts. I want not any,
and count him the moſt wretched that needs many.

Orator. May it pleaſe your reverend Lordſhips?

App. What are you Sir?

Orat. Of counſel with my Clyent *Marcus Cladius.*

Virg. My Lord, I undertake a deſperate combat,
to cope with this moſt eloquent Lawyer:
I have no skill i'th' weapon, good my Lord,
I mean, I am not travell'd in your Lawes.
My ſuit is therefore by your ſpecial goodneſs
they be not wreſted againſt me.

App. O *Virginius*, the gods defend they ſhould.

Virg. Your humble ſervant ſhall ever pray for you.
Thus ſhall your glory be above your place,
or thoſe high titles which you hold in Court,
for they dy bleſt that dy in good report.
Now Sir I ſtand you.

Orat. Then have at you Sir.
May it pleaſe your Lordſhips, here is ſuch a Caſe
ſo full of ſubtilty, and as it were,
ſo far benighted in an ignorant miſt,
that though my reading be ſufficient,
my practice more, I never was intangled
in the like purſenet. Here is one that claimes
this woman for his daughter. Heres another
affirms ſhe is his Bond-ſlave. Now the Queſtion
(with favour of the Bench) I ſhall make plain
in two words only without circumſtance.

App. Fall to your proofs.

Orat. Where are our papers. *Clod.* Here Sir.

Orat. Where Sir? I vow y'are the moſt tedious Clyent.
Now we come to't my Lord. Thus ſtands the Caſe,
the Law is clear on our ſides. Hold your prating.
That honourable Lord *Virginius*,
having been married about fifteen year,
and Iſſuleſs, this Virgins politick mother
Seeing the Land was likely to deſcend,
to *Numitorius*. I pray Sir liſten.
You my Lord *Numitorius* attend,
we are on your ſide. Old *Virginius*

imployed in forrain wars, she sends him word
she was with child; observe it, I beseech you,
and note the trick of a deceitful woman:
she in the mean time faines the passions
of a great bellyed woman, counterfeits
their passions and their qualms, and verily,
all *Rome* held this for no impossible truth.
What's to be done now? heres a rumor spread
of a young Heir, gods blesse it, and belly
bumbasted with a cushion? but their wants,
(What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe
bought with some piece of money, where is skill not,
to furnish this supposed lying in.

Nurse. I protest my Lord, the fellow i'th' night cap
hath not spoke one true word yet.

App. Hold you your prating woman til you are call'd.

Orat. 'Tis purchast. When? From this mans bond-woman
The mony paid. What was the sum of mony?

Clod. A thousand Drachmas.

Orat. Good, a thousand Drachmas.

App. Where is that bond-woman.

Clod. She's dead, my Lord.

App. O dead, that makes your Cause suspicious.

Orat. But here's her deposition on her death bed,
with other testimony to confirm
what we have said is true. Wilt please your Lordship
take pains to view these writings. Here, my Lord,
we shall not need to hold your Lordships long,
we'l make short work on't. *Virg.* My Lord.

App. By your favour.
If that your claim be just, how happens it
that you have discontinued it the space
of fourteen years?

Orat. I shall resolve your Lordship.

Icil. I vow this is a practis'd Dialogue:
comes it not rarely off?

Virg. Peace, give them leave.

Orat. 'Tis very true, this Gentleman at first
thought to conceal this accident, and did so,
only reveal'd his knowledg to the mother
of this fair bond-woman, who bought his silence
during her life time with great sums of Coyn.

App. Where are your proofs of this?

Orat. Here, my good Lord, with depositions likewise.

App. Well, go on.

Orat. For your question
of discontinuance. Put case my slave
run away from me, dwell in some near City
the space of twenty years, and there grow rich,
it is in my discretion, by your favor,
to seize him when I please. *App.* That's very true.

Virginia. Cast not your nobler beams, you reverend Judges
on such a putrified dunghil.

App. By your favour, you shall be heard anon.

Virg. My Lords, believe not this spruce Orator.
Had I but fee'd him first, he would have told
as smooth a tale on our side. *App.* Give us leave.

Virg. He deals in formal glosses, cunning shows,
and cares not greatly which way the Case goes;
Examine I beseech you this old woman,
who is the truest witness of her birth.

App. Soft you, is she your only witness?

Virg. She is, my Lord.

App. Why, is it possible
such a great Lady in her time of child birth,
should have no other Witness but a Nurse?

Virg. For ought I know the rest are dead, my Lord.

App. Dead? no my Lord, belike they were of counsel
with your deceased Lady, and so sham'd
twice to give colour to so vile an act.
Thou Nurse observe me, thy offence already
doth merit punishment beyond our censure,
pull not more whips upon thee.

Nurse. I defie your whips, my Lord.

App. Command her silence Lictors.

Virg. O injustice! you frown away my Witness;
Is this Law? is this uprightness?

App. Have you viewed the Writings?
This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
beyond prevention.

Virg. *Appius*, wilt thou hear me?
You have slandred a sweet Lady that now sleeps
in a most noble Monument. Observe me,
I would have ta'ne her simple word to gage
before his soul or thine.

App. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love,
by custome is growne natural, which by nature

should be an absolute loathing. Note the Sparrow,
that having hatch'd a Cucko, when it sees
her brood a Monster to her proper kind,
forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest,
then she had care i'th' Spring to have it drest.
cast thy affection then behind thy back, and think.

Orat. Be wise, take counsel of your friends,
You have many souldiers in their time of service
father strange children.

Virg. True: and Pleaders too,
when they are sent to visit Provinces.
You my most neat and cumning Orator,
whose tongue is Quick-silver, Pray thee good *Janus*
look not so many several wayes at once,
but go to th' point.

Orat. I will, and keep you out
at points end, though I am no souldier.

App. First the oath of the deceased bond-woman.

Orat. A very vertuous Matron.

App. Join'd with the testimony of *Clodius.*

Orat. A most approved honest Gentleman.

App. Besides six other honest Gentlemen.

Orat. All Knights, and there's no question but their oaths
will go for current.

App. See my reverend Lords,
and wonder at a Case so evident.

Virg. My Lord, I knew it.

Orat. Observe my Lord how their own Policy
confounds them. Had your Lordship yesterday
proceeded as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,
the Aparrel and the Jewels that she wore,
more worth then all her Tribe, had then been due
unto our Client: now to cosen him
of such a forfeit, see they bring the maid
in her most proper habit, bond-slave like,
and they will save by th' hand too. Please your Lordships,
I crave a sentence.

Virginius. Appius. Virginia. My Lord.

Icil. Lord *Appius.*

Virginius. Now by the Gods here's juggling.

Numit. Who cannot counterfeit a dead mans hand?

Virginius. Or hire some villains to swear forgeries?

Icil. Clodius was brought up in your house my Lord,
and that's suspicious.

Numit. How is't probable,
that our wife being present at the child-birth,
whom this did nearest concern, should here reveal it?
Virg. Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it
her policy, as you term it, did not rather
provide an Issue male to chear the father?
Orat. I'l answer each particular.
App. It needs not,
Heres witness, most sufficient witness.
Think you, my Lord, our Lawes are writ in snow,
and that your breath can melt them?
Virginius. No my Lord,
We have not such hot livers: Mark you that?
Virginia. Remember yet the Gods, O *Appius*,
who have no part in this. Thy violent Lust
shall like the biting of the invenom'd Aspick,
steal thee to hell. So subtil are thy evils,
in life they'l seem good Angels, in death divels.
App. Observe you not this scandal?
Icil. Sir, 'Tis none.
I'l show thy Letters full of violent Lust
sent to this Lady.
App. Wilt thou breath a lye
'fore such a reverend Audience?
Icil. That place
is sanctuary to thee. Lye? see here they are.
App. My Lords, these are but dilatory shifts.
Sirrah I know you to the very heart,
and I'l observe you.
Icil. Do but do it with Justice.
Clear thy self first, O *Appius*, ere thou judg
our imperfections rashly, for we wot
the Office of a Justice is perverted quite
when one thief hangs another.
1. *Senator.* You are too bold. *App.* Lictors take charge of him.
Icil. 'Tis very good.
Will no man view these papers? What not one?
Jove thou hast found a Rival upon earth,
his nod strikes all men dumb. My duty to you.
The Ass that carried *Isis* on his back,
thought that the superstitious people kneel'd
to give his dulnesse humble reverence.
If thou think'st so, proud Judg, I let thee see
I bend low to thy Gown, but not to thee.

Virg. There's one in hold already. Noble youth
fetters grace one being worn for ſpeaking truth;
I'll lye with thee, I ſwear, though in a dungeon;
the injuries you do us we ſhall pardon,
but it is juſt the wrongs which we forgive,
the gods are charg'd therewith to ſee revenged.
App. Come, y'are a proud *Plebian*.
Virg. True my Lord.
Proud in the glory of my Anceſtors,
who have continued theſe eight hundred years:
the Heralds have not knowne you theſe eight months.
App. Your madneſs wrongs you, by my ſoul I love you.
Virg. Thy ſoul?
O thy opinion old *Pythagoras*,
Whither, O whither ſhould thy black ſoul fly,
into what ravenous bird or beaſt moſt vile?
only into a weeping Crocodile.
Love me? Thou lov'ſt me (*Appius*) as the earth loves rain,
thou fain wouldſt ſwallow me.
App. Know you the place you ſpeak in?
Virg. I'l ſpeak freely.
Good men too much truſting their innocence
do not betake them to that juſt defence
which Gods and Nature gave them; but even wink
in the black tempeſt, and ſo fondly ſink.
App. Let us proceed to ſentence.
Virg. Ere you ſpeak
One parting farwel let me borrow of you
to take of my *Virginia*.
App. Now my Lords,
we ſhall have fair confeſſion of the truth.
Pray take your courſe.
Virg. Farewel my ſweet *Virginia*, never, never
ſhall I taſte fruit of the moſt bleſſed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
of thy moſt pretty infancy, when firſt
returning from the Wars, I took delight
to rock thee in my Target, when my Girl
would kiſs her father in his burganet
of glittering ſteel hung 'bout his armed neck;
and viewing the bright mettal, ſmile to ſee
another fair *Virginia* ſmile on thee.
When I firſt taught thee how to go, to ſpeak,
and when my wounds have ſmarted, I have ſung

with

with an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
to bring my Girl asleep. O my *Virginia*,
when we begun to be, begun our woes,
increasing still, as dying life still growes.

App. This tediousnes doth much offend the Court.
Silence: attend her Sentence.

Virg. Hold, without Sentence I'l resign her freely,
since you will prove her to be none of mine.

App. See, see, how evidently Truth appears.
Receive her *Clodius*,

Virg. Thus I surrender her into the Court *Kills her.*
of all the Gods. And see proud *Appius* see,
although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy Lust with this Act be not fed,
bury her in thy bowels, now shee's dead.

Omnes. O horrid act!

App. Lay hand upon the Murderer.

Virg. Oh for a ring of pikes to circle me.
What? have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies
here to be slain by hang-men? No. I'l fly
to safety in the Camp.

App. Some pursue the villain,
others take up the body. Madness and rage
are still th' Attendants of old doting age.

Enter two Souldiers.

1 Is our Hut swept clean?

2 As I can make it.

1 'Tis betwixt us two;
but how many think'st thou, bred of Roman blood,
did lodg with us last night?

2 More I think then the Camp hath enemies,
they are not to be numbred.

1. Comeague, I fear *Appius* will doom us to *Alsons* death,
to be worried by the Cattel that we feed.
How goes the day?

2 My stomack has struck twelve.

1 Come see what provant our knapsack yeilds.
This is our store, our Garner.

2 A smal pittance.

1 Feeds *Appius* thus, is this a City feast?
This crust doth taste like date stones, and this thing
if I knew what to call it.

2 I can tell you: cheese struck in years.

1 I do not think but this same craft was bak'd and this cheese frighted out of milk and whey before we two were souldiers: though it be old I see 't can crawl; what living things be these that walk so freely 'tween the rind and pith? for here's no sap left.

2 They call them Gentles.

1 Therefore 'tis thought fit, that Souldiers by profession Gentlemen should thus be fed with Gentles. I am stomack sick, I must have some strong water.

2 Where will you hav't?

1 In yon green ditch, a place which none can pass but he must stop his nose, thou know'st it well, there where the two dead dogs lye.

2 Yes I know't.

1 And see the Cat that lyes a distance off be flead for supper. Though we dine to day as Dutch men feed their souldiers, we will sup bravely like *Roman* Leaguerers.

2 Sir, the General.

1 Wee'l give him place, but tell none of our dainties, lest we have too many guests to supper.

Enter Minutius with his souldiers reading a Letter.

Minut. Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be, Ether *Virginius* is degenerate from the ancient vertues he was wont to boast, or in some strange displeasure with the Senate; Why should these letters else from *Appius* confine him a close prisoner to the Camp? and which confirmes his guilt, why should he fly? needs then must I incur some high displeasure for negligence to let him thus escape; which to excuse, and that it may appear I have no hand with him, but am of faction oppos'd in all things to the least mildeed, I will cashier him, and his Tribuneship bestow upon some noble Gentleman belonging to the Camp. Souldiers and friends, you that beneath *Virginius* Colours march, by strict command from the *Decemvirs*,

we

we take you from the charge of him late heere,
and his Authority, Command, and Honour
we give this worthy Roman. Know his Colours,
and prove his faithful Souldiers.

Roman. Warlike General,
my courage and my forwardnesse in battel,
shal plead how well I can deserve the title,
to bee a Roman Tribune.

Enter the first mutinous Souldier in haste.

Minut. Now, the newes?

1. *Sould.* *Virginius* in a strange shape of distraction,
enters the Campe, and at his heels a legion
of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,
with breathlesse paces dog his frighted steps.
It seemes half *Rome's* unpeopled with a traine
that either for some mischiefe done, pursue him,
or to attend some uncouth novelty.

Minut. Some wonder our fear promises. Worthy souldiers,
martial your selves, and entertaine this novel
within a ring of steele: Wall in this portent
with men and harnesse, be it ne're so dreadful.
Hee's entred by the clamour of the camp,
that entertaines him with these ecchoing shouts.
Affection that in Souldiers hearts is bred,
survives the wounded, and out lives the dead.

Enter Virginius with his knife, that and his armes stript up to the elbowes all bloody; coming into the midst of the souldiers, he makes a stand.

Virg. Have I in all this populous Assembly
of souldiers that have prov'd *Virginius* valour,
one friend? Let him come thrill his partisan
against this breast, that through a large wide wound,
my mighty soule might rush out of this prison
to flie more freely to yon christal pallace,
where honour sits inthroni'd. What, no friend?
Can this great multitude then yeild an enemy
that hates my life? Here let him seise it freely.
What, no man strike? am I so wel beloved?
Minutius then to thee. If in this camp
there lives one man so just to punish sin,
so charitable to redeem from torments
a wretched souldier, at his worthy hand

a death.

Minut. What meant *Virginius*?

Virg. Or if the Generals heart be so obdure
to an old begging souldier, Have I here
no honest Legionary of mine own Troop
at whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat
I may command a death?

1. *Sould.* Alas good Captain.

Minut. Virginius, you have no command at all,
your Companies are elsewhere now bestowed.
Besides, we have a Charge to key you here,
and make you the Camps prisoner.

Virg. General, thanks.
For thou hast done as much with one harsh word
as I beg'd from their weapons. Thou hast kill'd me
but with a living death.

Minut. Besides, I charge you
to speak what means this ugly face of blood,
you put on your distractions? What's the reason
all *Rome* pursues you, covering thus high hills,
as if they dog'd you for some damned act?
What have you done?

Virg. I have plaid the Parricide,
kill'd mine own child.

Minut. Virginia?

Virg. Yes, even she.
These rude hands rip't her, and her innocent blood
flow'd above my elbowes.

Minut. Kill'd her willingly?

Virg. Willingly, with advice, premeditation,
and settled purpose; and see still I wear
her crimson colours, and these withered armes
are dy'd in her heart blood.

Minut. Most wretched villain?

Virg. But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongst you
one speaking Organ to discourse her death;
It is too harsh an imposition
to lay upon a father. O my *Virginia*!

Minut. How agrees this? love her, and murder her?

Virg. Yes, Give me but a little leave to drayn
a few red tears, (for souldiers should weep blood)
and I'l agree them well. Attend me all.
Alas, might I have kept her chaste and free,
this life so oft ingag'd for ingrateful *Rome*,

lay in her bosom. But when from her pull'd
by *Appius* Lictors to be claim'd a slave,
and drag'd unto a publick Sessions house,
divorc'd from her fore Spousals with *Icilius*,
a noble youth, and made a bond-woman,
inforc'd by violence from her fathers armes
to be a Prostitute and Permour
to the rude twinings of a lecherous Judge?
Then, then, O loving Souldiers, (I'l not deny it)
for 'twas mine honor, my paternal pity,
and the sole act, for which I love my life.
Then lustful *Appius*, he that swayes the Land,
slew poor *Virginia* by this fathers hands.

1 *Sould.* O villain *Appius*!

2 *Sold.* O noble *Virginius*!

Virg. To you I appeal, you are my Sentencers:
Did *Appius* right, or poor *Virginius* wrong?
Sentence my Fact with a free generall tongue.

1. *Sold.* *Appius* is the Particide.

2. *Sold.* *Virginius* guiltless of his daughters death.

Minut. If this be true, *Virginius* as the moast
of all the Roman fry that followes you
confirmes at large, this cause is to be pityed,
and should not dy revengeless.

Virg. Noble *Minutius*,
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too,
so most of you have Souldiers. Why might not this
have hapned you? Which of you all, deer freinds,
but now, even now, may have your wives deflowred,
your daughters slav'd, and made a Lictors prey?
Think them not safe in *Rome*, for mine lived there.

Roman. It is a common cause.

1 *Sold.* *Appius* shall dy for't.

2. *Sold.* Let's make *Virginius* General.

Omnes. A General, a General, let's make *Virginius* General.

Munit. It shall be so. *Virginius* take my Charge,
the wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty
that none but he that lost so fair a child,
knowes how to punish. By the Gods of *Rome*,
Virginius shall succeed my full command.

Virg. What's honor unto me, a weak old maid,
weary of life, and covetous of a grave?
I am a dead man now *Virginia* slew him,
the self same hand that dar'd to save from shame

a child

a child, dares in the father, [illegible]

1. *Sould.* Stay noble General.

Minut. You much forget revenge, *Virginius*,
Who, if you dye, will take your cause in hand,
and proscribe *Appius*, should you punish thus?

Virg. Thou oughtest *Minutius*. Soldiers, so ought you.
I'm out of fear, my noble wife's expir'd;
My daughter (of blest memory) the object
of *Appius* lust, lives 'mongst the Elysian Vestals;
my house yeilds none fit for his Lictors spoil.
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison *Rome*,
have Lands unrisled, houses yet unseis'd;
your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted,
prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time.

1. *Sold.* We will by you our noble General.

2. *Sold.* He that was destin'd to preserve great *Rome*.

Virg. I accept your choice in hope to guard you all
from my inhumane sufferings. Be't my pride
that I have bred a daughter whose chast blood
was spilt for you, and for *Romes* lasting good.

Explicit Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus Scena Prima.

Enter Opius, a Senator, and the Advocate.

Opius. IS *Appius* then committed?

Senator. So 'tis rumor'd.

Opius. How will you bear you in this turbulent state?
You are a Member of that wretched Faction.
I wonder how you scape imprisonment?

Advocate. Let me alone, I have learnt with the wise Hedghog
to stop my cave that way the tempest drives.
Never did Bear-whelp tumbling down a hill
with more art shrink his head, betwixt his clawes
then I will work my safety. *Appius*
is in the sand already up to th' chin,
and shal I hazard landing on that shelf?
Hee's a wise friend that first befriends himself.

Opius. What is your course of safety?

Advoc. Marry this.

Virginius with his Troops is entering *Rome*,
and it is like that in the market place
my L. *Icilius* and himself shall meet.
Now to encounter these, two such great Armies,
where lies my Court of Guard?

Senat. Why in your heels;
There are strange dogs uncoupled.

Adv. You are deceiv'd,
I have studied a most eloquent Oration,
that shall applaud their fortune, and distaste
the cruelty of *Appius*.

Senat. Very good Sir.
It seems then you will rail upon your Lord,
your late good Benefactor.

Adv. By the way Sir.

Senat. Protest *Virginia* was no bond-woman,
and read her noble Pedigree.

Adv. By the way Sir.

Opius. Could you not by the way too find occasion
to beg Lord *Appius* Lands?

Adv. And by the way
perchance I will. For I will gull them all
most palpably.

Opius. Indeed you have the Art
of flattery.

Adv. Of Rhetorick you would say.
And I'l begin my smooth Oration thus,
Most learned Captains.

Senat. Fie, fie, thats horrible, most of your Captains
are utterly unlearned.

Adv. Yet I assure you,
most of them know Arithmatick so well,
that in a Muster to preserve dead payes,
they'l make twelve stand for twenty.

Opius. Very good.

Adv. Then I proceed,
I do applaud your fortunes, and commend
in this your observation, noble shake-rags.
The Helmet shall no more harbour the spider,
but it shall serve to carouse Sack and Sider.
The rest within I'l study.

Opius. Farewel *Prasens*,
and I shall wish thy eloquent bravado
may shield thee from the whip and Bastinado.

Now

now in this furious tempest let us glide,
with foulded sails at pleasure of the Tyde.

Enter Icilius, Horatio, Valerius, Numitorius (at one door) with Souldiers; Virginius, Minutius, and others at the other doore.

Icil. Stand.
Virg. Make a stand. *Wing*
Icil. A parly with *Virginius.*
Minut. We wil not trust our General 'twixt the Armies,
but upon terms of hostage.
Numit. Well advised!
Nor we our General: who for the leaguer?
Minut. Our selfe. *Minutius and Numitorius meet embrace, salute the Generals.*
Virg. Who for the City?
Icil. Numitorius.
Numit. How is it with your sorrow noble brother?
Virg. I am forsaken of the gods, old man.
Numit. Preach not that wretched doctrine to your self,
It wil beget despaire.
Virg. What doe you call
a burning Feaver? Is not that a divel?
It shakes me like an earthquake. Wilt a, wilt a
give me some Wine?
Numit. O it is hurtful for you!
Virg. Why so? are all things that the appetite
of man doth covet in his perfect'st health,
what ever Art or Nature have invented,
to make the boundlesse wish of man contented,
Are all his poison? Give me the Wine there. When?
Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, Say.
Now by the gods, I'il leave enough behind me
to pay my debts, and for the rest, no matter
who scrambles for't.
Numit. Here, my noble brother!
Alas, your hand shakes. I will guide it to you.
Virg. 'Tis true, it trembles. Welcome thou just pallie,
'twere pity this should doe me longer service,
now it hath slain my daughter. So I thank you,
now I have lost all comforts in the world,
it seems I must a little longer live,
bee't but to serve my belly.

Minut. O my Lord,
this violent Feaver took him late last night,
since when, the cruelty of the disease,
hath drawn him into sundry passions
beyond his wonted temper.

Icil. 'Tis the gods
have powred their Justice on him.

Virg. You are sadly met my Lord.

Icil. Would we had met
in a cold grave together two months since,
I should not then have curst you.

Virg. Ha! Whats that?

Icil. Old man, thou hast shewed thy self a noble *Roman*,
but an unnatural Father; thou hast turned
my Bridal to a Funeral. What divel
did arme thy fury with the Lions paw,
the Dragons taile, with the Bulls double horne,
the Cormorants beak, the Cockatrices eyes,
the Scorpions teeth? and all these by a father
to be imployed upon his innocent child?

Virg. Young man, I love thy true description;
I am happy now, that one beside my Selfe,
doth teach me for this act. Yet were I pleased,
I cou'd approve the deed most Just and noble;
and sure posterity, which truely renders
to each man his desert, shal praise me for't.

Icil. Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable.

Virg. You need not interrupt me. Here's a fury
wil doe it for you! You are a *Roman* Knight.
What was your oath when you receiv'd your Knighthood?
a parcel of it is, as I remember,
rather to die with honour, then to live
in servitude. Had my poor girle been ravish'd,
in her dishonour, and in my sad griefe,
your love and pity quickly had ta'ne end.
Great mens misfortunes thus have ever stood,
they touch none neerly, but their neerest blood.
What do you meane to do? It seems, my Lord,
now you have caught the sword within your hand,
like a madman you'le draw it, to offend
those that best love you; and perhaps the counsel
of some loose unthrifts, and vile male contents
hearten you to't: goe to, take your course:
my faction shal not give the least advantage

to

to murtherers, to banquerouts, or theeves,
to fleece the common Wealth.

Icil. Do you term us so?
Shal I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?
He that would tame a Lion, doth not use
the goad or wierd whip, but a sweet voice,
a fearful stroaking, and with food in hand
must ply his wanton hunger.

Virg: Want of sleep wil do it better then all these, my Lord.
I would not have you wake for others ruine,
lest you turn mad with watching.

Icil. O you gods!
You are now a General; learn to know your place,
and use your noble calling modestly.
Better had *Appius* been an upright Judg,
and yet an evil man, then honest man,
and yet a disolute Judg; for all disgrace
lights lesse upon the person, then the place.
You are i'th' City now, where if you raise
but the least uproare, even your Fathers house
shal not be free from ransack. Piteous fires
that chance in Towrs of stone, are not so feared
as those that light in Flax shops; for there's food
for eminent ruin.

Minut. O my noble Lord!
Let not your passion bring a fatal end
to such a good beginning. All the world
shal honour that deed in him, which first
grew to a reconcilement.

Icil. Come my Lord,
I love your friendship; yes in sooth I do,
but wil not seale it with that bloody hand.
Joine we our armies. No phantastick copy,
or borrowed President wil I assume
in my revenge. There's hope yet you may live,
to outwear this sorrow.

Virg. O Impossible.
A minutes joy to me, would quite crosse nature,
as those that long have dwelt in noysome rooms,
swoun presently if they but scent perfumes.

Icil. to th' Senate. Come, no more of this sad tale,
for such a tel-tale may we term our grief,
and doth as 'twere so listen to her own words,
Envious of others sleep, because shee wakes.

I ever would converſe with a griev'd perſon
in a longe journey to beguile the day,
or winter evening to paſſe time away.
March on, and let proud *Appius* in our view
like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew.

Enter Appius, and Marcus Clodius in
priſon, ſecured and Gyved.

App. The world is chang'd now. All damnations
ſeize on the Hydra headed multitude,
that only gape for innovation.
O who would truſt a people?

Clod. Nay, who would not,
rather then one rear'd on a popular ſuffrage,
whoſe ſtation's built on Avees and Applauſe?
There's no firm ſtructure on theſe airy ſtates.
O fie upon ſuch Greatneſs.

App. The ſame hands
that yeſterday to hear me conſcionate.
and Oratorize, rung ſhril Plaudits forth
in ſign of grace, now in contempt and ſcorn
hurry me to this place of darkneſs.

Clod. Could not their poiſons rather ſpend themſelves,
on th' Judges folly, but muſt it needs ſtretch
to me his ſervant, and ſweep me along?
Curſe on the inconſtant rabble.

App. Grieves it thee
to impart my ſad diſaſter?

Clod. Marry doth it.

App. Thou ſhar'd'ſt a fortune with me in my Greatneſs,
I hal'd thee after when I climb my State,
and ſhrink'ſt thou at my ruine?

Clod. I loved your Greatneſs,
and would have trac'd you in the golden path
of ſweet promotion; but this your decline
ſowrs all theſe hoped ſweets.

App. 'Tis the world right.
Such gratitude a great man ſtill ſhall have
that truſts unto a tempotizing ſlave.

Clod. Slave! Good. Which of us two in our dejection
is baſeſt? I am moſt ſure
your loathſome dungeon is as dark as mine,
your conſcience for a thouſand ſhameful acts
wrongly denoune'd, much more oppreſt then mine.

then which is the most slave?

App. O double baseness,
to hear a drudg thus with his Lord compare!
Great men disgrac'd, slaves to their servants are.

Enter Virginius, Icilius, Minutius, Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Opius with souldiers.

Virg. Souldiers, keep a strong guard whilst we survey
our sentenc'd prisoner. And from this deep dungeon
keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands
would ruine this stone building and drag hence
this impious Judg peice-meal, to tear his limbs
before the Law convince him.

Icil. See these Monsters,
whose fronts the fair *Virginia's* innocent blood
hath visarded with such black ugliness,
that they are loathsome to all good mens souls.
Speak damn'd Judg, how canst thou purge thy self
from Lust and blood?

App. I do confess my self
guilty of both: yet hear me, noble Romans,
Virginius, thou dost but supply my place,
I thine. Fortune hath lift thee to my Chair,
and thrown me headlong to thy pleading bar.
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee;
shunning my rigor, likewise shun my fall.
And being mild where I shewed cruelty,
establish still thy greatness. Make some use
of this my bondage. With indifference
survey me, and compare my yesterday
with this sad hour, my heighth with my decline,
and give them equal ballance.

Virg. Uncertain fate, but yesterday his breath
aw'd *Rome*, and his least torved frown was death:
I cannot chuse but pity and lament,
So high a rise should have such low discent.

Icil. He's ready to forget his injury.
(Oh too relenting age!) Thinks not *Virginia*,
if he should pardon *Appius* this black deed,
and set him once more in the Ivory Chair,
he would be wary to avoid the like,
become a new man, a more upright Judge,
and deserve better of the Common Weal?

Virg. 'Tis like he would.

Icil. Nay, if you thus begin,
I'l fetch that shall anatomize his [illegible]

Numit. *Virginius*, [illegible]
deeds of this nature. You must fashion now
your actions to your place, not to your passion,
severity to such acts is as necessary
as pity to the tears of innocence. *A shout.*

Minut. He speaks but Law and Justice.
Make good the streets, with your best men at arms:
Valerius and *Horatio* know the reason
of this loud uproar, and confused noise.
Although my heart be melting at the fall
of men in place and Office, we'l be just
to punish murdrous Acts, and censure Lust.

Enter Valerius and Horatio.

Valer. *Icilius*, worthy Lord, bears through the street
the body of *Virginia* towards this prison;
which when it was discovered to the people,
mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their eyes
pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorrowing eyes.

Horat. Here comes *Icilius*.

Enter Icilius with the body of Virginia.

Icil. Where was thy pity when thou slewest this maid,
thou wouldst extend to *Appius*? Pity? See
her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence
of yon stern Murderer, till she find revenge,
nor will these drops stench, or these springs be dry
till theirs be set a bleeding. Shall her soul
(whose essence some suppose lives in the blood)
still labour without rest? Will old *Virginius*
murder her once again in this delay?

Virg. Pause there *Icilius*.
This sight hath stiffned all my operant powers,
ic'd all my blood, benum'd my motion quite.
I'l powre my soul into my daughters belly,
and with a soldiers tears imbalm her wounds.
My only dear *Virginia*!

App. Leave this passion,
proceed to your just sentence.

Virg. We will. Give me two swords. *Appius* grasp this,
You *Clodius* that. You shall be your own hang-men,
do Justice on your selves. You made *Virginius*
sluce his own blood lodg'd in his daughters brest,
which your own hands shall act upon your selves.

If you be Romans, and retain their spirits,
redeem a base life with a noble death,
and through your lust-burnt veins confine your breath.

App. Virginius is a noble Justicer,
had I my crooked paths levell'd by thine,
I had not swayed the ballance. Think not Lords,
but he that had the spirit to oppose the Gods,
dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict.
I have not dreaded famine, fire, nor strage,
their common vengeance, poison in my cup,
nor dagger in my bosom, the revenge
of private men for private injuries,
nay more then these, not fear'd to commit evil,
and shall I tremble at the punishment?
Now with as much resolved constancy,
as I offended, will I pay the mulct,
and this black stain laid on my family,
then which a nobler hath not place in *Rome*,
Wash with my blood away. Learn of me *Clodius*,
I'l teach thee what thou never studiest yet,
thats bravely how to dy. Judges are term'd
the Gods on earth; and such as are corrupt
read me in this my ruine. Those that succeed me
that so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,
Appius that sin'd, by *Appius* hand shall fall. *Kils himself*

Virg. He dyed as boldly as he basely err'd,
and so should every true bred Roman do.
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,
in his death forceth pity. *Clodius* thou
wast follower of his fortunes in his being,
therefore in his not being imitate
his fair example.

Clod. Death is terrible
unto a conscience that's oppreſt with guilt.
They say there is *Elizium* and Hel,
the first I have forfeited, the latter fear.
My skin is not sword proof.

Icil. Why dost thou pawse?

Clod. For mercy, mercy I intreat you all.
Is't not sufficient for *Virginia* slain
that *Appius* suffered, one of noble blood,
and eminence in place, for a *Plebian*?
Besides, he was my Lord and might command me:
If I did ought, 'twas by compulsion, Lords,

and

and therefore I crave mercy.

Icil. Shall I doom him?

Virg. Do, good *Icilius.*

Icil. Then I sentence thus:
Thou hadst a mercy, most unmerriting slave,
of which thy base birth was not capable,
which we take off by taking thence thy sword.
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain,
and one bred from the rabble: both alike
dar'd to transgresse, but see their odds in death:
Appius dy'd like a Roman Gentleman,
and a man both wayes knowing; but this slave
is only sensible of vitious living,
not apprehensive of a noble death.
Therefore as a base Malefactor (we)
and timerous slave, give him (as he deserves)
unto the common Hangman.

Clod. What, no mercy?

Icil. Stop's mouth,
away with him: the life of the *Decemviri*
expires in them. *Rome* thou at length art free,
restored unto thine ancient liberty.

Minut. Of Consuls: which bold *Junius Brutus* first
began in *Tarquins* fall. *Virginius* you
and young *Icilius* shall his place succeed,
so by the peoples suffrage 'tis decreed.

Virg. We martial then our souldiers in that name
of Consuls, honoured with these golden bayes.
Two fair, but Ladies most infortunate,
have in their ruins rais'd declining *Rome*,
Lucretia and *Virginia*, both renown'd,
for chastity. Souldiers and noble Romans
to grace her death, whose life hath freed great *Rome*,
march with her Course to her sad Funeral Tomb.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

FINIS.